

Vol. XI--No. 49

St. Louis, Thursday, January 16, 1902



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The Mirror.

VOL. 11—No. 49.

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, JANUARY 16, 1902.

PRICE, FIVE CENTS.

The Mirror

Published every Thursday at

OZARK BUILDING.

N. W. COR. 10TH AND PINE STS.

Telephones: MAIN 2147, Kinloch, A 24

Terms of subscription to THE MIRROR including postage in the United States, Canada and Mexico, \$2.00 per year, \$1.00 for six months. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$3.00 per year.

Single copies, 5 cents.

News Dealers and Agents throughout the country supplied by the American News Company, or any of its branches,

Payments, which must be in advance, should be made by Check, Money Order, or Registered Letter, payable to THE MIRROR, St. Louis.

All business communications should be addressed "Business Manager," THE MIRROR.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A., as second-class matter.

WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor.

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REFLECTIONS.

A Prince's Visit

PREPARATIONS are now under way for the entertainment of the Kaiser's brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, on the occasion of his visit to this country to attend the christening of the Emperor's yacht. He will probably be given as good a time as the present King of England had when he came to this country as Prince of Wales. His visit as a Prince is not so significant as is the fact that it has evidently been projected to win this country's friendship for his country. If the visit can bind the countries in bonds of peace it will be a good thing, but the German ruler and the German people are mistaken if they think a little social visit of this sort is going to induce Yankee manufacturers to stop underselling German manufacturers in Germany or anywhere else. The Yankees are out for sociability when

it comes along, but they never let it interfere with business. They will "jolly" and be "jollied" at the banquet board with much grace, but next day they get back to relationships based upon the state of the market, and the oratorical hot air and the social amenities are forgotten.

The Growth of the Country

THE Director of the Census, announcing the percentage of increase of population in different parts of the country, shows, for the last decade, a rapid decrease from previous rate of growth of population in the West, a less marked but decided decrease in the North, and a slight increase in the South. For the first time in the history of this country, the population of the South has increased somewhat more rapidly than that of the North. The East, geographically, is included in the term North. The rate of the growth in the North, West and South, is far more nearly the same than it ever has been. This indicates that the whole country is settled down, temporarily, to steady growth, and the disappearance of great sectional "booms." The increase of the South may be slow for some time, but it will ultimately be rapid, and it will be due, probably, to developments of manufacture and trade on account of the opening of the Nicaragua Canal. The far West will enjoy a steady growth as a result of the increase of business with the far East. Immigration is settling down to a smaller stream of incomers, mostly because of the fact that this country is not particularly anxious to welcome the latter-day immigrant. The North and East are being drawn from by both the West and the South, because opportunity for success in life has been very much restricted in the East. The West will resume its increase of population when the irrigation movement is once under headway, while the South's resources are not yet quite generally known. Texas will, within forty years, be another New York or Pennsylvania. The surface of this country has scarcely been scratched as yet for its resources, and it is able to support a population of fully as vast extent as that of China. The population will come with a continuance of that prosperity which makes for the optimism that promotes marriage, even if the stream of immigration shall dwindle to much smaller proportions. The population must eventually be rather more evenly distributed as the country becomes more unified in sentiment and in business interest.

The Scholar in Politics

LEWIS NIXON, the new boss of Tammany, is an anachronism in Tammany, and yet a sign of the times. This successor to Croker is "a scholar in politics." In him, according to the description of a writer in a paper not friendly to Tammany, "there is, at first glance, the ready evidence of the gentleman and the scholar. There is not a drawing room on Fifth avenue which he would not grace. He is a man of unusual pulchritude and of perfect *savoir faire*. He is accomplished and handsome and is a thoroughbred to his shapely fingers' ends. He is a graduate of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and in every movement he shows the influence of his connection with men of importance and distinction." What a contrast this, to the tiger-bull-dog mug of Croker, lately deposed! Mr. Nixon had part in designing the famous battleships *Oregon*, *Indiana* and *Massachusetts* and is identified now with many great business enterprises. How such a man could have steadily and steadfastly allied himself with Croker and tolerated Croker's methods is either a mystery or a proof that Croker's methods have not been what they have been said to be. Certainly Mr. Nixon will try to avoid the appearance of evil in continuing Croker methods, but it is doubtful if Tammany will stand for the abandonment of the "pantata" system under which it has flourished. The

country may look to Mr. Nixon for betterment and be disappointed, for it is the opinion of John C. Sheahan, who led the fight on Croker, that Croker "will probably follow the same course he did when he retired before—remain at his country place in England until the political situation in New York changes. When he sees what he regards as an opportunity for Tammany to win again he will return and resume the leadership of the organization." Mr. Sheahan, however, expected to get the place that was given Mr. Nixon and "the wish may be father to the thought." However it may be, Mr. Nixon cannot help being more of an influence for better politics than his predecessor.

Some Paintings

NORWEGIAN art is not familiar to St. Louisans and, therefore, local art-lovers would do well to examine the display of the work of Frithof Smith-Hald at the Noonan & Kocian galleries. They will be surprised and perhaps offended by the chromo-like effects of some of the landscapes, with their tremendously insistent and strong pink and yellow glow upon snow, but Norwegians assert that the pictures are true, even if curious and strange to those who have never lived in that region of strange tones. Mr. Smith-Hald is not happy in all his work. Some of it is evidently too hastily done, crude and plangent, but in those canvases on which he has lavished care he has achieved most delectable results. His best picture in the present collection is one with the rose-and-gold glow altogether missing, a scene of chill wetness through which peasants struggle in a semi-dark. That has force and feeling without any trickery or reliance upon the too obvious. A better picture than any by Smith-Hald, on view at the same gallery, is a darksome but soft and, at the same time, strong Western scene by Keith, an American. It has more poetry in it, more truth, more vigor than any of the canvases from the Land of the Midnight Sun.

Anglophobias

WARFARE is being waged against a proposal that the United States shall be appropriately represented at the coronation of King Edward VII. The warfare is foolish. The United States cannot afford to be impolite to another nation, and a representation at the coronation would be politeness, nothing more. It would not commit this country to approval of divine right or to any British policy whatever. It would be nothing more significant than one's accepting an invitation to a party at a neighbor's house, though that neighbor and the person accepting had some differences on some business or politics. Such Anglophobia as is now being manifested on this unimportant matter is undignified in Americans. Patriotism does not demand that we shall offer gratuitous insult to all nations with different ideas, principles and ideals from our own, on the occasion of a ceremonial function that has no particular significance for us, while it amuses those who have arranged it. The MIRROR does not believe in the Anglo Saxon alliance and it does not admire the British policies, and it despises Anglomania as much as anyone can, but Anglophobia, of the kind now manifesting itself in the manner of the yellow journals, is as distasteful as any of the other extremes mentioned. Besides, it is a queer paradox that so many Anglophobias in public are Anglomaniacs at heart and secretly worship the things English which they openly denounce.

Unrest in China

THE Dowager Empress of China appears to be worrying the Powers, now that she has returned to Peking. She appears to be an intensified reincarnation of Catherine of Russia and calculated to make trouble just as long as she lives. Reports recently made from China, are to the effect

that much secret arming and drilling is going on in the interior, and that the Boxers are very far from being suppressed, as the Powers have been led to believe. This may savor somewhat of alarmist agitation, but the rumors are consistent with all we know of the Empress and of the Chinese. The lesson taught at Peking by the Powers has not been felt by the millions of Chinese, and they have not been impressed at all by the power of "the foreign devils." From all the most recent advices from China it seems certain that the troubles are not at an end, and that the issues will be up again before long.

A Democrat

IN any event anything that Mr. Rudyard Kipling writes has the quality of attracting attention. He may or may not be a bad poet, but he certainly knows the way to get under the hide of the self-satisfied Britisher, and the rabid criticism he provokes is evidence of the sureness of his touch. Kipling doesn't need any defense for his poem "The Islanders." He has given voice to what all the world has been thinking for three years about British incompetency as displayed in South Africa. Mr. Kipling might be a better man if he believed that the justice of the Boer's cause had something to do with the failure of the English to encompass their defeat, but be that as it may, it is plain that he is not afraid to speak out or sing out against the degeneracy of classism that, in his opinion, has brought about British inefficiency. In this respect, at least, Mr. Rudyard Kipling has shown himself to be considerable of a democrat.

Playing With Fire

THE controversy between Joseph Chamberlain and Count von Buelow bears some resemblance to the preliminaries of a signing of articles for a prize fight. Each talks big in a Pickwickian sense and each says nothing that can be construed into meaning anything definite. Both gentlemen are playing to their home audiences. Indeed the cynic might say that the gentlemen, both being in the governing business, are slyly boosting one another. The Count makes Mr. Chamberlain popular in England. Mr. Chamberlain's attacks strengthen the Count in Germany. They touch up one another to advance the fortunes of both. Of course the high politics of Europe are supposed to be above such skullduggery, but then the ways of the jingo are devious in the extreme and anything is possible to him when he finds it necessary to "fire the popular heart." And yet such tactics are mighty dangerous. The two eminent gentlemen are possibly fanning a fire they will not be able to control. They may force the people of the two countries into an antagonism that will culminate in war.

Frankness

THERE is an almost delightful frankness in the trend of political gossip in this State toward the conclusion that the three nominees of the Democratic party for Justices of the Supreme Court will finally be determined upon by the prime consideration of adaptability to the uses of the railroad lobbyists. To make the situation more amusing, it may be stated that the same considerations will determine the selections of the Republicans for the same positions. The railroad lobbyists justify themselves by saying that they've got to have the Supreme Court to protect their interests from the sandbagging Legislature and the hold-up men of the State Committees.

Violating the Constitution

WISCONSIN has distinguished herself by levying an export tax upon the ice harvested from her thousands of lakes. Local courts have upheld the law, but it seems inconceivable that any higher courts should do so. The export tax upon ice is plainly in violation of the Constitution of the United States, which, in paragraph 10 of article one, reads as follows: "No State shall, without the consent of Congress, lay any imposts or duties on imports or exports, except what may be absolutely necessary for executing its inspection laws; and the net produce of all duties and im-

posts laid by any State on imports or exports shall be for the use of the treasury of the United States, and all such laws shall be subject to the revision and control of Congress." The law is plain enough to the simplest intelligence. Wisconsin is naturally desirous of making money off her ice crop and naturally grieved to think that so much of the crop is annually gathered by Chicago companies, who pay little for it and sell it at exorbitant prices in Chicago, but that is no reason why Wisconsin should override the Federal Constitution. And speaking of such laws one wonders whether ninety-nine per cent of the game laws prohibiting shipments of slaughtered game out of certain States are not also violations of both the spirit and the letter of the Constitution.

Pure Water.

RUMOR about the city is to the effect that the special board of engineers, appointed to pass upon the question of this city's water supply, has completed its investigations, and is ready to report. One rumor has it that two members of the Commission will recommend that the city take its water from the Meramec springs by a gravity system, while one will recommend filtration of Mississippi water. Another rumor is that two will favor filtration and one the Meramec. The division is unfortunate, but the rational course for the authorities will be to take up and adopt the majority report. Water never contaminated by sewage is better than water that has been contaminated by sewage, in the MIRROR's opinion. This paper believes, also, that the gravity supply from the Meramec will cost less in the long run than the filtration scheme and that the filtration scheme would be, at the best, an experiment. The Meramec water supply system can be acquired by the city on reasonable terms, so that municipal ownership will not be permanently endangered. The city should take no chances on a filtration experiment that may fail to give us good water during the World's Fair. The Meramec water is pure; there is enough of it; it can be supplied cheaply; it can be supplied quickly. And when the people drink it they will not be drinking alum in solution. Still, notwithstanding the MIRROR's attitude in this discussion in the past, the majority report for which plan soever should settle the matter and the Board of Public Improvements should proceed at once to put the majority plan into operation in accordance with the provisions of the city's Scheme and Charter. There can be no rational excuse for further delay in settling the water question. There is no time to lose.

Tammany

PERRY BELMONT, millionaire, ran for Congress, in New York City, as a Democrat. Perry Belmont had fought Richard Croker. Perry Belmont was defeated in a district which, in 1900, gave the Democratic candidate more than four thousand majority over his Republican opponent. The Republican vote in the district fell off less than 2,000 from the preceding election, while the Democratic vote fell off more than 6,000. This would indicate that Tammany Hall is not dead, or, at least, that it is enough alive to punish its Democratic enemies. Tammany is not stamped out. It cannot be stamped out by one overthrow. It has stolen enough to live on during a few lean years and will be in the field in power again at the next election. Republicans and reformers must remember this fact.

The Canal

LET us hope that the country will not be divided on Panama and Nicaragua as it has been on Sampson and Schley. The layman cannot be too careful of his opinion on such issues. He can only note that the Panama project is put on the market and projected into the legislative situation at exactly the right hour to delay action on the canal question. It might also be pointed out that some of the strongest eleventh-hour support of the Panama scheme comes from quarters that have been hostile to all canal legislation. The Canal Commission reported favorably upon the Nicaragua route, but it said many favorable things con-

cerning the Panama route and those things are now being urged against the Commission's conclusions. The Frenchmen offer this country their project so far as it has been carried for \$40,000,000 as against their demand for \$109,000,000 some years ago. That is a tremendous drop,—great enough, almost, to make those to whom the later offer is made highly suspicious. And yet it would seem to be a shame to let all the work that has been done on the Panama structure go absolutely to waste, if it be worth the sum asked for it. But after all, the main question is whether it is worth while to delay all canal legislation until the Frenchman's offer can be canvassed and debated. This country has been talking canal so long, it is tired of talking and wants to begin digging. A proposition calling for a postponement of digging and a protraction of talking is not one to be greeted with much joy. The country wants a canal across the isthmus and it wants it quick. The people will not be patient of any Congressional delay in settling upon sites. Action is wanted. Delay means boodles, and, possibly, no canal.

Miss Gould

ST. LOUIS has been doing honor to Miss Helen Gould for several days. In doing so, the city has honored good womanhood, the womanhood of the soothing hand and tender heart, the womanhood innocent of strenuous stridency. And the best of the matter is that the attentions shown this lady were in most excellent taste and not overdone as was, seemingly, threatened when, upon her arrival, the papers began printing photographs of her boudoir and dining room in the stately old Southern Hotel.

The Danish West Indies

A UNITED STATES collier with a detachment of marines has sailed for the Danish West Indies, which islands, it is understood, this country is now negotiating for with Denmark. The dispatches indicate that there may be fighting after the negotiation. The marines in the collier *Leonidas* will be joined by others already on the Island of Culebra. Besides the marines the *Leonidas* has aboard rations for two years, two portable houses which the marines will occupy, field pieces sent down from Philadelphia arsenal, small arms and ammunition by the car-load, besides stores for the Atlantic squadron. The marine battalion will remain at Culebra until the treaty with Denmark for the purchase and possession of the Danish West Indies is ratified, when the marines will be landed at St. Thomas and other islands of the group for the purpose of protecting the interests of the country. The men will be fully equipped and supplied with everything necessary for a long stay and will probably have fighting, because it is reported that the rebellious natives will resist the occupation of the United States forces after the territory becomes the property of this country. It is said that only the large sugar planters on the islands are in favor of the transfer to the United States. The North Atlantic squadron is near Culebra, too. All this is not the most pleasant reading imaginable. The people of the Danish West Indies should have something to say about the disposition of themselves and their property. They have protested to the home country against the sale of the islands, but their protest has had no weight. It would hardly accord with our ideas of human rights if, after buying the Danish West Indies, we should have to suppress there another such insurrection as we have had on hand in the Philippines. There seems not to have been any means of escape from holding the Philippines, but if the Danish West Indians don't want us, there is no reason why we should take them under our wing. We are told that it is only the people of the more ignorant classes who are inciting to disturbance in the event of a transfer of the islands, and, of course, it is pointed out that the moneyed classes favor the transfer, but the more ignorant classes have rights that we should respect, and, as they are probably the more numerous, we should have some respect for majority rule. It is only fair to say that there are some accounts which indicate that the majority of the population of the islands

welcome the prospective change, but it would seem to have been no difficult matter to have had a plebiscite that would have effectively recorded the views of the inhabitants about a matter upon which their future depends to such an immeasurable extent. In the Philippines we had, at least, the belief that the followers of Aguinaldo were anxious to accept American protection, until the treaty with Spain was completed at Paris, and then found out the Filipino hatred for us only after Spain had formally given up the islands. In the case of the Danish West Indies there has been plenty of time to find out positively how the people to be transferred feel on the subject. It would have been wise to have taken such precaution and then we might not be sending squadrons to enforce a treaty upon a people whose rights are bartered away without their consent and against their will.

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Machine-Ridden

POPULAR election of Senators is a Democratic doctrine, but the Democratic machine in this State is fighting Champ Clark's proposition that the selection of a Senator be left to a State primary. The machine says the primary would cost too much, but the people know that the machine is afraid of losing its grip on the Legislature. The people of Missouri are the worst machine-ridden people in the Union, but they appear to like it.

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A Tout

CHARLES M. SCHWAB, of the United States Steel Corporation, has fallen from his high estate as a representative American business man and is now being used as a sort of sandwich-man advertisement of the gambling game at Monte Carlo. The stories of Schwab's winnings are disseminated throughout the country for no other purpose than to tout the suckers to the roulette tables.

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WORLD'S FAIR WORK.

BY W. M. R.

WITHOUT doubt a time has come in the history of this city's World Fair enterprise in which further criticism, to be justified, must have for its object rather larger matters than have, in the past, concerned local fault-finders, including myself. The project begins to loom large before the world. The quiet work of the past six or eight months is beginning to manifest itself tangibly. The matter is under discussion all over this country and is beginning to be considered seriously in the countries of Europe. The missionaries for the Fair are abroad and their work is beginning to tell.

The department of publicity and promotion, which many of us have thought to be laggard, has sprung upon the world a veritable coup in its offer of a \$200,000 prize for a practicable air-ship.

The Department of State has taken steps promptly to bring about a reversal of decision in several countries that had determined not to participate in the great Exposition, and the management has been instantaneous in taking advantage of the rapprochement between this country and Germany, as indicated in the Kaiser's request that Miss Roosevelt christen his new yacht, to push the World's Fair in Germany.

The work goes along with passable rapidity on the grounds in Forest Park, although there are difficulties yet to be met with in the laying out of the grounds that do not promise a completed Exposition in 1903.

The MIRROR learns that the representative of the World's Fair has arrived in Paris and is pushing the work of advertising the Fair and interesting French officials and business men.

The announcements of selections of new heads of departments are forthcoming with much frequency, and it must be said that the evidence is clear that the management, whatever its other faults may have been, is scouring the country closely for the most available best men in the

thousand-and-one specialties to be taken care of in the departments.

The work of the architects is being formulated in the offices of the firms having charge of the construction of the various buildings, and Director of Works Taylor is shaping things into readiness to start them off at once and bring them to an almost simultaneous completion. These preparations involve no little of change in plans, as in the matter of the originally proposed fountains and waterfalls and in the abandonment of the proposed court of honor. There are topographical problems in the site that necessitate quite a deal of architectural modification, and this modification must be made at the beginning, not when the structures are under way.

Those who are familiar with the history of the Fair movement, while admitting that, in the main, all the men in the forefront of the enterprise are doing their best, cannot but regret that in one important particular there has been such a modification of the general purpose of the Fair as involves the total disappearance of one of the most distinct and distinguished promises of the plan and scope, as originally set forth. We hear nothing now of the great ethnological exhibit that was to show man in his habit as he lives in every quarter of the earth, to show us specimens of every human tribe in an exact reproduction of the environment of each. This was to be the feature of the Exposition—an exposition of man. What has become of it?

Did not the authorities at Washington give the suggestion the heartiest possible sanction and guarantee a strong support of the project to gather in St. Louis the people of all the earth? For the three months immediately following the organization of the work, was not this universal ethnological exhibit the key-note of the advertising of the Fair? What has become of it? Nobody seems to know. The magnates when asked about it, just laugh. They may possibly tell that the carrying out of this scheme would have involved an expenditure of about \$3,000,000. They don't say that they have come to the conclusion that they will expend only about one-sixtieth of that sum in some such ethnological display, but that seems the figure to which they have reduced their estimate of the widely advertised exhibit of man.

The World's Fair has taken on more and more steadily the mechanical and commercial aspect, and that this is so is proved by the fact that we have heard little or nothing of attempts to secure from the Old World some of the greatest of its art collections. The business end of the Fair is being looked after very closely, but the æsthetic end is being neglected, at least apparently. It may be, however, that that, too, shall in the near future, loom up more importantly than it has done so far.

The management continues to insist upon the holding of the Fair in 1903, and the world outside continues to doubt that the undertaking can be completed in that time. This matter is of great moment, especially in view of the fact that the Fair must be held with the city as no small part of the attraction thereof. The city has to be put in shape to entertain visitors, and all engineers are agreed that it cannot be put in shape between now and May, 1903. It would be an act of supreme folly to attempt to hold a fair in a city still in the throes of reconstruction. It would be worse folly to open a fair still in process of building and with the greater features incomplete. A World's Fair in a city with unpleasant looking water, with a perpetual smoke-blanket and with rutty and ragged streets would be a great mistake. Still the men at the head of the Fair, men like Messrs. Francis, Thompson and Taylor, insist that the Fair will be held in 1903. They ought to know what they are talking about, being familiar with what has been and remains to be done, and we may give them the benefit of the doubt.

There is not a particle of doubt that, thus far, the management have done a colossal work in bringing the Fair to its present status. Between now and 1903 they will undoubtedly do more, the work gathering impetus as it grows. They will have large sums of money at their disposal and money can command immense results. The outside public, therefore, cannot consistently do anything

but await the results. If the Fair has to "go over" until 1905, the men who all along kept shouting 1903 will have to explain. Their reputations are at stake and, however we may feel about the matter, no St. Louisan can wish that anyone who has gone into the great enterprise will come out of it in any way discredited. Criticism, thus far, has had some stimulating effect. It is not now apparent that further criticism of dilatoriness is pertinent. The working force is presumably organized, and we are beholding some effects of the organization. The Fair management declares that everything is in readiness to rush the enterprise through. We must take the management at its word, and watch the rush that is to be made. Until there is something new and more to be criticised, critics must suspend operations.

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MATTHEW STANLEY QUAY.

BY LIVY S. RICHARD.

IN the opinion of a large but not well informed number of American citizens the difference between "Matt" Quay and the Devil is largely a matter of antiquity. That merely illustrates how unwise it is to believe everything you read or hear about a contemporary, especially everything ill. So little good gets said of a politician during his lifetime that it is usually wise to believe it on general principles. If it isn't strictly true, it is admissible under the law of compensations.

And Quay is a politician, nothing else. His whole aim in public life has been to guide the currents of political activity so as to maintain himself and his friends in power and, without malice or personal ill-will but as a duty generated from the nature of things, to keep his enemies out of power. In pursuance of this impulse of depravity he has for a score of years dominated almost absolutely the administrative affairs of the second commonwealth in the Union—a commonwealth larger, more populous and with interests more important than those of many great empires—not to speak of having had more or less to do with the politics of the Nation; and it may not be without interest to attempt a brief study of how he does it.

Small details, we suppose, may be waived—the carefully maintained acquaintance with men of influence in all parts of the State, the close watch upon new developments in the primary grades of politics, the ready recognition of ability shown by young men and the expert adaptation of means to ends. These are alphabetical requirements of success in politics everywhere; and have, therefore, no special significance as applied to Pennsylvania. What is most characteristic of Quay is his entire freedom from sham. He is not even tricky. Most persons think a politician is a master of tricks. That is not the secret of Quay's success. He is silent. He knows how to keep his own counsel; to develop dramatic surprises; to throw his opponents into confusion by the unexpectedness of his strategy. But there is nothing tricky about it. It is simply the swift grasping of opportunities, coupled with the unerring knowledge of human nature which constitute real generalship.

From Quay's manner in addressing himself to visitors and in performing public duties, apart from the forming of political combinations, the obvious inference is that he is lazy, and this is true. If his enemies had really wanted to put Quay out of business; or, perhaps, we should say if they had had the wisdom to choose the most expedient method, they would not have deviled him with insurrections, but just let him have his way for awhile without the excitement of man-hunting. A little of that would soon have tired him of the game and caused him to seek diversion in some other field. It has been the eternal nagging of small men, concealing personal disappointments under the pretence of being "reformers," that has compelled Quay, in self respect, as well as in justice to friends, to keep in the game long after its novelty and fascination had vanished. He has the ability, the scholarship and the practical as well as poetic turn of mind requisite for great achievements in constructive statesmanship, but he is lazy—lazy and diffident. There

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is something almost pathetic in his shrinking from publicity. Not that he cares a rap about what the newspapers say. Long ago he was case-hardened to them. But in works apart from "addition, division and silence," he is self-distrustful and strangely timid.

This is notably true in the matter of speech-making. Few men of our own or any time have had so rich an acquaintance with classical literature or so fine a style of putting thoughts into fitting words. Some of the few compositions which have proceeded from his pen are masterpieces in their way; but it is worse than pulling teeth to get Quay to make a speech in public. Last year, after his election as Senator, following a hiatus of two years, a number of the bright young men who adorn his train prevailed upon him to address a meeting of Republican clubs. A quotation from that speech will illustrate his wonderful literary power:

"At three score years and ten the world grows lonely. Through wildernesses almost desolate the stream of life glides darkly towards the eternal gulf. The associations of early existence are gone. Its objects are gained or lost, or faded in importance, and there is a disconnection with ideas once clamped about the reason, and a dissolution of feeling once melting the heart. Occasions like the present stand in pleasant relief—green patches on the sandy delta,—and are especially attractive and welcome. My political race is run. It is not to be understood that God's sword is drawn against my life, nor that my seat in the Senate is to be prematurely vacated, but that with the subscription of my official oath on the 18th of January, my connection with the serious labors and responsibilities of active politics ceased. I will never again be a candidate for nor accept any official position. I have many friends to remember. I have no enemies to punish. In this regard I put aside the past."

That which binds men to him, that which has made the Quay dynasty in Pennsylvania the marvel of practical politicians throughout the other commonwealths of the land, is his absolute simplicity and unaffectedness. Though seasoned to all the deviltry of the world, in his intercourse with friends he is as candid, cordial and open-hearted as a child. To the run of men silent, sphinx-like and without emotion, it is a revelation to get into the circle where the real man is revealed.

One little incident may be worth telling. I give it as I heard it from one who was there. You may remember how, in 1889, Quay's opponents, headed by John Wanamaker, deadlocked the Legislature before which Quay was a candidate for re-election, and then instituted a criminal prosecution, based on the allegation that Quay had conspired with others to misuse State funds. It was the old scandal over again—first sprung by the Democrats in 1888, when Quay as National Chairman proved a stumbling block which they thought it would be advisable to remove. Wanamaker then stood with Quay and became a Cabinet officer in the administration which Quay's shrewdness elected. They had subsequently differed, and this suit, sprung in the futile hope of stampeding the Legislature, followed.

While it was impending, Quay and a friend went fishing off Atlantic City. Now, most fishermen are quiet, and Quay is not an exception. He will sit for a day in a boat without opening his lips. On this occasion the two sat on the breakwater—sat for hours in the broiling sun with never a word between them. Quay's companion at length heard Quay sigh, and, looking up, beheld a tear in the "old man's" eye.

"For myself I don't care," he said, as if in response to an unspoken inquiry. "But there are the women folks. Women can never be made to understand these things."

That was all he said. Not again did he mention the subject on his mind. He went to trial, was acquitted, appealed to the people at the next election, won despite the most desperate opposition, received a welcome back into the Senate which for its warmth and genuine cordiality has had few parallels in that body; and yet in the first speech made after his triumph his chief declaration was one of political forgiveness for his enemies.

This little, old man, whom the people of the United States have been taught by Pharisaical or ignorant newspapers to believe is an incarnation of all the forms of public "cussedness," never made a single claim to exemplary virtue nor set himself up as a teacher of either public or private morals. On the contrary, in the course of a busy and eventful life, covering many points of contact with the World, the Flesh and the Devil, he has learned to take human nature pretty much as he found it, in view of the impracticability of making, in one generation, much of a change. But as he has gone through life he has made friends, done many acts of real kindness hidden from press-agents and three-sheet posters, and exercised a charity for the frailties of his fellow men which, somehow, I cannot help but think, will weigh in his favor in the last day quite as heavily as the sour grape accusations of his enemies will weigh against him.

SCRANTON, PA., January 10th.

FUNNY PHILANTHROPISTS.

BY FRANCIS A. HUTER.

OUR trust magnates and money kings are promising to be good hereafter. They are being converted to altruism and dedicating odes to it almost every day. There must be something in the air that creates and furthers this new, noble spirit and that makes Pauls out of Sauls. All the big fellows are harping upon their love of fellow-man, upon the beauty of giving and the necessity of being just and generous. Now, all this is mighty fine and interesting. Most of us have for so long been impressed with the idea that the love of the almighty dollar was uppermost in the minds and hearts of our financial magnates that this revelation of the birth of philanthropic motives has been a genuine surprise. As the love-consumed, coy maiden would say: "It is so sudden." We cannot get so readily accustomed to the ethical regeneration among our money aristocracy. There are some skeptics left who cannot as yet believe in the new state of things. Their voices are little heard, however. The great multitude is acclaiming the great givers, the new editions of Herodes Atticus, and not very intent upon investigating into the motives that prompt this remarkable outburst of humanitarianism.

Now what are the real facts of the case? Of course, it will be generally admitted that there are some generous men of money who are willing and even anxious to ameliorate the condition of mankind, to promote the growth of knowledge, arts and sciences and to do everything in their power to convince their fellow-men that money is not their only ideal. No reference is made here to such noble-minded givers. We all know them and honor them.

But what shall we think of men like Morgan, Hill, Rockefeller, Gates, Havemeyer, Harriman and Schwab? All these fellows are giving, and, at times, very liberally. One of them has founded and is supporting the University of Chicago. It is not very likely, however, that they are really actuated by altruism, by motives of charity or love of fellow-men. There may be some who have qualms of conscience regarding the way by which they acquired their fortunes; others may wish to advertise themselves and to keep their names before the public and posterity. If they were true philanthropists, they would have accumulated their fortunes in a different manner. Human character does not change overnight. You do not change your way of thinking as you do your suit. The leopard does not change his spots. If men well known for their greed and selfishness are giving, without being asked or commanded to do so, they have an ax to grind.

The other day, Mr. Havemeyer, the president of the Sugar Trust, issued his annual report. *Inter alia*, he made the astonishing remark that the people of this country are being robbed by the Government, because a tax is levied on raw sugar imported from abroad. Now most of us have known this for a long time, but, really, we never expected that Havemeyer would admit it, or share the same opinion.

Now, is not this nice of a man like Havemeyer? Is not he a most unselfish, upright, just man? You must admire the way he sticks up for the people and reproaches the Government for holding us up and making us pay so much for one of the necessities of life.

But wait a minute. There is something else to take into consideration. Mr. Havemeyer, as we can notice, acknowledges that the tax on raw sugar should not be levied. But is he of that opinion simply because he resents the injustice towards the people? Is he against high protective duties on principle? No, my dear friend, there is something else behind it. Mr. Havemeyer is a sly, old fox. Under the guise of altruism he pursues his evil way of enriching himself and of annihilating competitors. He is against the duty on raw sugar because he desires the ruin of the beet-sugar industry in the United States. The Sugar Trust has been falling behind in the race for some years. Formerly it controlled about 78 per cent on the sugar trade in this country; at present, it hardly controls 50 per cent. What is the cause of this retrogression in the business of the trust? The beet-sugar industry. And the beet-sugar men are protected by the duty on foreign raw sugar. And Havemeyer wants this duty removed so that the beet-sugar industry may have to yield the ghost. He does not care a continental for the results. The development of Western States is indifferent to him. He is out for his own interests, and if it is in the power of the Government to ruin an antagonistic interest, he is willing that the Government exercise that power. Now, where is Havemeyer's fine spirit of altruism? Havemeyer is for Havemeyer and nobody else.

The same may be said of Hill, Morgan, Gates, Harriman and the rest of the big fish of Wall street. They all talk altruism. They all talk of business evolution; everything is evolution nowadays. What sins are committed in the name of evolution! Old Darwin would turn in his grave if somebody could inform him of the use they make of his theory of evolution. The Standard Oil crowd will tell you that they have wiped out competition and thereby reduced the cost of oil. What has become of the old dogma that competition lowers prices? The theory seems to prevail at present that the disappearance of competition will permanently lower prices. What old fogies our ancestors must have been? They should have known that competition spells ruin to everybody. The revolution in transportation methods, inventions, etc., etc., all count for nothing. If the Standard Oil Company had not destroyed competition, the price of oil would be much higher,—now do you really believe that?

And that is the way they talk nowadays. There is our friend Schwab, who is the president of the United States Steel Company and draws the biggest salary in the United States. Sometime ago, he told us, very emphatically, that trusts are n. g., that they carry the germ of dissolution within themselves; that they ruin everybody; raise prices and wipe out competition. We all thought that Schwab was at last telling the truth and airing his common sense. Well, a few days ago, the papers reported that the same gentleman had declared, in France, that trusts were the outgrowth of modern business conditions, that we could not do without them, and that we should be glad to have them. Now what do you think of that? When did Schwab tell the truth? At home, he was against trusts and abroad he is glorifying and extolling them.

All those big fellows are talking through their hats. They are trying to befuddle the public mind. They have an ax to grind. When they scent danger, they promise to be good; when the danger has passed, they do not hesitate to follow their wolfish instincts again. All of them are opportunists. They have no principles; they have only instincts, and their chief instinct is to accumulate pelf, and that in the quickest manner possible. They are not very squeamish or delicate about the ways of acquiring fortunes. They say: "Make money; honestly if you can, but make money." Do not look for philanthropy, for love of fellow-man among such people. Community of interest and communism of pelf are identical.

CAPITAL COMMENT.

BY ASBESTOS.

Hanna and Foraker

THE general public supposes that the contest in Ohio between Hanna and Foraker, for the organization of the Ohio legislature, was what the boys used to call a "dog fall." They believe that Hanna got his man in the House and Foraker in the Senate of the Ohio Legislature. That is a big mistake. It is true that Foraker got his man in the Senate, but Hanna got a wild cat in the House and the facts in the whole case are that Hanna got the worst licking of his life. McKinnon, the man who was elected Speaker of the Ohio House of Representatives, was not Hanna's choice. He was compelled to take up McKinnon in order to say that he got something out of the "scrap," because McKinnon had enough votes pledged to elect him. McKinnon is Harry Daugherty's man and Daugherty and Hanna have been political enemies for years. Daugherty and McKinnon hate Hanna with a cordial hatred and McKinnon telephoned to Foraker, soon after he was elected to the Ohio Speakership, and told him that he liked him better than he ever did and thought less of Hanna now than ever before. McKinnon lives in the Congressional district of one Charles Dick, the right bower of Hanna in Ohio politics and chairman of the Ohio Republican State Committee. This raises up a candidate for Congress against Dick next fall and the chances are that McKinnon will beat him. It is also stated that McKinnon will be a candidate for the United States Senatorship against Hanna two years hence. That is the kind of a victory Hanna won in the House and that is the kind of a man he has put into position. Another such victory and he is undone politically in the State of perennial politics. His defeat by Foraker in the Ohio State Senate was even worse. Hanna had staked his all on a man named Uhl, who was his candidate for Secretary of the Senate. Uhl is Hanna's henchman and political Man Friday in the city of Cleveland. Hanna wanted him elected Secretary of the Ohio State Senate so that Uhl could watch his interests in that body and cinch all the hold-over State Senators for him against the day of his own tribulation, two years hence. Hanna and Dick were ready to trade everything and everybody for Uhl and they made the fight of their lives for him. He was defeated by Foraker's man, two to one. That is the true inwardness of the fight in Ohio and the exposed portion of the Hanna neck was swatted good and hard. I may remark in passing that there seems to be no tears at the White House in consequence thereof. Your Uncle Mark has fallen upon evil times since the death of his good friend, the late President McKinley. Foraker has him down and I much mistake the man if he does not feel now that it is his Christian duty to pour hot mud in his ears. Foraker is forging rapidly to the front. His popularity in the Senate was attested last week when that august body adjourned to meet two hours later than usual the next day in order that the members of that body might attend the marriage of Senator Foraker's beautiful daughter, and the motion was made by a Democratic Senator.

Long to Go

ALL indications point to Secretary Long's resignation in the near future. He goes on denying that he has any intention of leaving the Cabinet, but he is going nevertheless, and notwithstanding all denials. It comes to me with the precision of a Kentucky rifle that he is going on a long vacation very soon and that before he comes back his resignation will have gone to the President. The cause will be ill-health and urgent personal and private interests. Same old story, but the truth will be that he will go because of too much Sampson and too little Schley. In this connection the rumor of his successor is also of decided interest. The President is fully alive to the popular condemnation of the verdict of the Schley Court of Inquiry and some of his friends assert that he is a Schley

man at heart and has been for a long time. It is said the President will appoint former Governor Lloyd Lowndes, of Maryland, as Long's successor, which, if true, is very significant. Governor Lowndes is Schley's friend, and from Schley's State, and there is reason to believe this rumor is true, for several reasons. The President may make political use of Schley, especially as he and Governor Lowndes are very good friends, Mr. Roosevelt having stumped the State of Maryland for Lowndes when the latter ran for Governor the last time. Another reason suggested is that, as Maryland is considered a Southern State, the appointment of Lowndes would be a sop to the South. Unless something is done for Schley this thing is going to get into politics. It is the intention of Representative John L. Sheppard, of Texas, to introduce into the Democratic caucus, when it is held to consider Democratic policies, a resolution to the effect that Schley was the real hero of the battle of Santiago, and that unless the Republican majority of this Congress adopt some of the resolutions now before Congress embodying the spirit of Dewey's minority report, the whole controversy will be dragged into the campaign and made a party matter. That resolution certainly will put it up to the Republicans, and unless they do something, there will be a good chance for the Democrats to make all kinds of "demonstrations" to catch the Schley sympathizers.

Congressman's Salaries

THERE is a serious movement on foot here to increase the salaries of members of Congress from \$5,000 to \$10,000 per annum, the change to take effect with the next Congress. The present salary of Congressmen was fixed a long time ago, when it was comparatively a much greater sum than it is now. In those days a salary of \$5,000 was regarded with some degree of respect, but at present it has little attraction for a successful business man, when salaries in private life range from \$5,000 to \$50,000 and even higher sums. From the demands made upon Congressmen's salaries some people must think they get about eight million dollars a year. Congressmen are held up and shaken down by their constituents, by churches, fairs, charitable institutions and every thing else that happens their way. If it were not for private fortunes possessed by many of them and the money they make on the outside during the vacations of Congress, the average member could scarcely live in a respectable manner. Of course, some of the members from "way back" save money out of their pay and their allowance for mileage. They do so, however, by living at a catfish tavern or a one-hoss boarding house and ought to be fumigated every morning before entering the House, for they constantly exhale the odor of onions. The members of the House are a little diffident about making the proposition, remembering, as they do, the fate of the men who voted for the salary grab of '73. They would welcome it, however, if it should come from the Senate. It is proposed that while the salaries of the Members of the House shall be increased March 4, 1903, those of the Senators shall not be increased until the expiration of their present terms. In this way they hope to escape the odium attaching to a vote to increase their own salaries. If this thing comes to a head this session it will take the shape of an amendment in the Senate to one of the big appropriation bills. If the pay of Members of Congress were larger the people would have better men offering to enter public life and they would get better and more honest legislation. The people would then get legislation for the benefit of themselves instead of for the trusts and other folks who are able to pay for it. The legislation promoter would then lose his occupation and the country would be better off. At least that is the Congressman's argument.

"Mont" Cochran

ONE of the most picturesque characters and one of the ablest men in Congress is the Hon. Charles F. Cochran, from the St. Joseph, Mo., district. Mr. Cochran is a lawyer and a newspaper editor and he possesses more general information than any other member of the present Con-

gress and, therefore, probably is better equipped for his work than any of them. Mr. Cochran is not a windjammer. He very seldom gets on his feet, but when he does he has something to say and he says it in a most entertaining and interesting manner. He talks editorials. His speeches are boiled down and he never uses a superfluous word. Woe be unto the man who interrupts him. He is quicker at repartee and equally as sarcastic and caustic as DeArmond. He can talk as fast as a flutter-mill, and when he turns his verbal cataract loose on an antagonist the latter is soon overwhelmed. He had one on his laguageous tenter-hooks in the last Congress and that poor fellow actually sweated drops as big as oyster-crackers. His visible discomfiture really excited the pity of the audience. Since that time, when Mr. Cochran rises to address the House, the Republicans steer clear of his buzz-saw. They have seen it in motion and they have become pretty good judges of machinery. He has the courage of his convictions more highly developed than any member of the House and he talks right out in meeting regardless of personal or political consequences. In his personal appearance he is a funny little man. He has little, duck legs, a big body, a big head chock full of brains and resting close down on his shoulders leaving very little neck exposure to be hit by his enemy. He looks just like the jack of spades. He has merry blue eyes that twinkle behind a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles and a broad, jolly, Irish face. He is one of the best story-tellers in the House cloak rooms and he always has a bunch around him. Because of this accomplishment as a raconteur, his jolly, good nature that bubbles perennially, his loyalty to his friends and his willingness to walk across hades on a rotten rail to serve them, he is one of the most popular men in Congress. He also is one of the most respected for his intellectuality. He is a good hater and would get up at midnight over a cob fire to hate his enemies and the enemies of good government. The people of Missouri are destined to know this little giant of the Northwest better. They may not know and very few people do know that Mr. Cochran will be a candidate for Governor next time to succeed Dockery. He did not intend to run, until the Cardwell investigation knocked Cook's chances of a nomination higher than Gilderoy's kite, and also put a crimp in the aspirations of several others. When he opens his campaign there will be "large doings." The people have a treat in store for them. They will have a chance to listen to oratory that will burn a blister on a bull's curl in two minutes.

WASHINGTON, January 11th, 1902.

"UNTIL THE END."

BY D. M. S.

Give back to our Poland her ancient splendor! Look
Upon our fields soaked with blood! When shall
Peace and happiness blossom among us? God
Of wrath, cease to punish us! At thy altar we raise
Our prayer: deign to restore us, O Lord, our free country.

THE difficulty which Germany is finding in absorbing the Polish remnant, evidence of which is given in the revolt of the inhabitants of Posen against the attempt to crush the Polish language, will recall to the minds of many who are still living the cry of woe that resounded through the world on the final partition of Poland in 1863. In that unhappy year the miserable Poles found themselves deprived of whatever remnants of freedom had been left them, their country divided, and the pieces thrown into the rapacious maws of Russia, Austria and Prussia. The agonized shriek that arose from the hapless Poles, when they saw the country for whose freedom they had so long and nobly struggled no longer theirs, raised a deep emotion of pity and compassion in England and America. Government interference was impossible, but the hearts of the people were not trammelled by official punctilio. The Polish exiles who flocked to this country were received with great hospitality and open-handedness, and the man who housed a Polish refugee was counted as

fortunate among his fellows. Such of their oppressors as visited this country were received with great coolness. An Austrian military officer who had taken a prominent part in suppressing the Polish insurrections went to London. During his visit to a large English brewery the employes, indignant at the story of his cruelties, handled him so roughly that he had to take refuge in an ignominious flight.

Since 1863 the Poles, submitting to the inevitable, have not renewed their attempts to regain their freedom. If they have any such hopes, they nurse them silently. But how passionate is their attachment to their disrupted country, and how undying their yearning for independence may be judged from the burning words of the "Polish Hymn," the last verse of which prefaces this article. Their motto is "*Usque ad finem*" ("Until the end"), but it is to be feared that the end—so far as the human eye can see—has already come for Poland as a nation. What is still left them of their individual nationality they retain with the greatest ardor. Some three million Poles in Prussia still speak the ancient Polish language. Their literature has recently produced a Sienkiewicz. They have stored the relics of their country's former greatness in the old Castle of Rapperswyl, on the lake of Zurich. Here the entire course of the history of Poland could be followed by studying the collection of relics and souvenirs. One of these relics is the Union Jack which was sent by the people of Birmingham, in 1832, to the "Ancient and Heroic Polish Nation," with an address signed by 100,000 men. Another flag bears the inscription, "To the Brave Sons of Poland, from the Young Men of Boston." In the center is a picture of General Washington on horseback, attended by Kosciuszko and Lafayette. Kosciuszko, the heroic Polish leader, died in exile at Soleure, in Switzerland. His body was buried in Cracow, in the tombs of the old Polish kings, but his heart, enclosed in an urn, rests in a memorial chapel attached to the Castle of Rapperswyl, and is a revered object to all who travel to this Mecca of the Polish race. A room in this castle is also devoted to the souvenirs of Kosciuszko—the bed on which he died, his portrait, and his famous white plume, which was always to be seen where the battle waxed fiercest.

It will probably be a surprise to many people to be told that the Court of Poland was at one time one of the most brilliant in Europe. It was always noted for its chivalry, and, indeed, even so late as the time when Bismarck was in the plenitude of his powers, the great Chancellor described the Polish women as being a greater danger to the unity of the German Empire than Polish men. The Court was at one time the most delightful in Europe. It was called an "enchanted island," an "earthly paradise," where all the men were models of chivalry and courtesy, and where all the women were divine. "The social graces of Versailles," wrote an historian "the refined philosophy of the 'Age of Reason,' were here combined with that naive, original, half-oriental element peculiar to the Polish character, and the result was an indescribable but irresistible charm to be met with nowhere else." But the Court was as corrupt as it was brilliant.

A little over ten years ago the Poles celebrated the hundredth anniversary of their constitution, the formation of which was almost immediately followed by their downfall. Up to the seventeenth century Poland was a great and prosperous Power, with a contented people, wealthy, industrious and artistic. There was complete political freedom and religious toleration. Nominally a monarchy, Poland was really a federal republic, with a president elected for life, who was called a king. The franchise was wide and all power was vested in the hands of the National Diet. Nowhere was there so much individual freedom combined with such prosperity and greatness. But when adversity came in the form of foreign invaders this ideal constitution began to totter on its foundations. To meet the new emergencies men began to tinker with the constitution, with the result that it was soon reduced to chaos and no one knew exactly the position of affairs. The strong began to take advantage of the weak and there was

no way by which redress could be obtained. Exactions were the order of the day and industry and commerce, because precarious, came to a low ebb. This continued until about the time of the second partition of Poland. This tremendous event roused the Poles from their apathy. Industry revived, emancipation became general, education was almost universal, literature and the arts flourished, and the Poles, freed now from all illusions concerning the friendship of Prussia, seemed to be on the point of reaching again their old splendor. They immediately began to reform the constitution. After years of debate this was accomplished. The leading features of the new constitution were—hereditary monarchy (instead of the elective monarchy, which formerly produced so much intrigue), biennial Parliaments, abolition of the liberum veto, ministerial responsibility, representation in Parliament of the towns, protection by law for the peasant class and complete religious toleration. The passing of the new constitution was received by the Poles with frenzied delight. "Women wept, men shouted with joy." But Russia and Prussia did not view these proceedings, which were calculated to restore Poland to its former power, with satisfaction. They moved their armies over the frontier. Poland gallantly resisted, but in vain, and the end of it was another partition. Such was the end of the Polish constitution.

WOMAN'S WHITE LIES.

BY GERALDINE BONNER.

IN her last book, "The Aristocrats," Mrs. Atherton makes her heroine approve and applaud a lady who lies transparently about her age. The heroine sized her up at about thirty-six, and the lady, without the quiver of an eyelash, told her she was twenty-nine, and the heroine then knew she was the right sort and they would be friends.

Mrs. Atherton's young woman was quite sound in her argument. There are certain subjects upon which all women, who have imagination and charm, lie. It is a sort of tradition with the sex, bequeathed down the line from mother to daughter since Eve inaugurated the custom. For did not she immediately and resourcefully have an evasive answer ready in the hour of stress, while Adam did not even have his wits about him enough to lie like a gentleman, but blurted out that meaneast of remarks: "The woman] tempted me; I did eat." Eve, who seems to have been a very normal and capable person, would no doubt have lied about her age had it been necessary, but as she was born full-grown, and was undoubtedly blooming and beautiful, we may be sure she had no need to deceive, and, moreover, there was nobody else to impress, and it was no good lying to Adam, who had been there when she was born.

Beside their age, women have one or two other pet falsehoods they cling to and all tell. Does any one know a really, nice, attractive woman who does not practice to deceive when she gets in the custom-house? The officials in that august institution all seem to know this and do not waste their time asking the female passengers questions. One stands back amazed, listening to the men declaring all sorts of absurd things that nobody expects them to declare, and that no woman who ever wore petticoats would dream of declaring. It is even difficult to make the female mind understand the code of honor which makes this an obligation. Matrons of otherwise spotless integrity will smuggle without a twinge of conscience; maidens, who would no more falsify on other subjects than they would murder or steal, will perpetrate the most daring falsehoods on the subject of the new wardrobes they are bringing over. Men can not understand this. It alarms and amazes them. But, on the other hand, they have got their little pet fetiches on which they lie, and which are very puzzling to women. In fact, to pluck out the mystery of the male code of honor is a task far beyond most women. It is—but that's another story.

Except in the smuggling line women almost always lie to be agreeable. When they prevaricate about their ages, it is only because they have an idea they are more attractive, young. Their wish to be liked and well thought of prompts them to the perpetration of small and rather pathetic falsehoods. The most thoroughly feminine ones tell the age-lie with a bold, unblushing front, which seldom deceives, but they don't mind that at all. These are the ones who knock off an incredible number of years, and, looking at you with the experienced eyes of forty, say they are twenty-five. Then there are the timid ones, who are not quite comfortable and only subtract two or three years. There is something very touching and charming about their gentle uneasiness in handling even this permitted fib. And then, again, there are those who compromise with the truth in roundabout ways. I was reading somewhere, a short time ago, that the women who have to give their ages in court, invariably go down to the last number of the next decade. When they are in the forties they drop to the thirties, but they square things with their consciences by saying they are thirty-nine. Just as when they are in the thirties, they throw back to the twenties, but they soften the lie by being twenty-nine.

In the white lies of society, women who are otherwise scrupulously truthful, are amazingly proficient. Here, again, they lie to be agreeable, to please. I have often heard women, who could no more have borne false witness against their neighbor than they could have robbed a church, say they would always send down the message, "Not at home," rather than the honest but inhospitable, "Engaged." "Not at home" was untrue, but hurts nobody's feelings. "Engaged," which accurately stated the case, was impolite and ungracious, and no one, if they could help it by a little judicious suppressing of facts, would ever be sent hurt from their door. I never shall forget some early lessons I received in the house of a lady who was a social leader and a famous charmer, although well on in years. On her day "at home" she used to sit where she saw the visitors as they came toward the entrance. One day a young woman appeared, and she exclaimed in a high key of annoyance:

"Good gracious, here's Miss So-and-So just when I wanted to talk to you"—this to my companion, with a bewilderingly sweet smile. "What a bore she is, and always coming here."

The next moment Miss So-and-So entered and was greeted with the most flattering air of delighted surprise.

"Why, my dear Miss So-and-So! How good of you to come? What a charming surprise! It's a hundred years since I've seen you," etc.

And Miss So-and-So beamed with the deprecating pleasure of one who feels herself appreciated.

When we had left and were descending the steps, I said, somewhat ruefully, to my companion:

"I suppose she said just the same about us before we came in, to the people who were there before us."

"Of course she did. Why shouldn't she? She's so charming; and one of the most charming things about her is that she's such a transparent liar. Everybody knows that she doesn't mean a word she says, but likes it just as much as if she did."

Ladies of this type will tell you that good manners are founded on a groundwork of amiable insincerity. If one were perfectly sincere, how horribly rude one would sometimes be! Imagine greeting the familiar remark, "Oh, I'm so sorry, I'm afraid I've disturbed you," with the truthful answer: "You have, and I'm not at all glad you came," or, instead of employing the old reliable, "So sorry I couldn't get to see you last Friday," substituting the aggressive uprightness of "I had plenty of time to come round on Friday, but I didn't want to go." White lies do certainly grease the wheels of life, and personally I have the greatest possible respect for them. Anything that makes people more agreeable in the society sense ought to be encouraged. In one's social and domestic relations one should cultivate whatever promotes harmony and lessens friction.

There is enough of that in the world outside; and, after all, the Recording Angel is not really on the lookout for white lies. The Commandments only stipulate that we refrain from bearing false witness; they do not concern themselves in the least about polite falsehoods.

Women who are inveterate and incurable white liars are generally attractive. The reason of this is very simple, for their prevaricating tendency rises from their desire to be amiable. They want to be liked; and a person who timidly, and yet coaxingly, tries to make herself liked, is generally a most likable sort of being. The independent and stalwart spirits, who can get on so well in an atmosphere of indifference or dislike, may be admirable, but we don't often love them. It is the person who, with all their imperfections on their head, still asks for our affection, not because they deserve it, but because they are unhappy without it, that we are all ready to give it to. It will be argued from this that the White Liar must be weak. This she sometimes is but not always. The strongest women will indulge in harmless prevarications, and women of puritanical consciences will get round the difficulty by telling you that white lies cut no figure at all in the Bible; that the only lies one is warned against there, are the injurious ones, those prompted by meanness and malice. And let no one confound this sort with the innocent white lie. They are as wide apart as the poles and the equator—the one rising from a gentle amiability of disposition; the other from all that is lowest, most cowardly and most malignant in human nature. *The Argonaut.*

THE PRINCE AND THE WORM.

BY OLLIE J. WHITE.

I AM sincerely sorry that this story opens in a club-room on a rainy night, for one naturally supposes that such an opening requires a murder at the end. A murder would round it up in the good old way story-tellers have adopted from the biographer of Cain and his unfortunate brother. But I have a horror of murders, and anything that is not natural has no place in the literary diet of normal men and women. The only thing that bears the earmarks of fiction, however, is the opening. Somehow life will fall into a conventional rut just when we want it to be a bit *bizarre*.

For instance, over there in the center of the room was the table with the wine bottles and the cigars and the cigarettes on it; and there were the four men exchanging confidences just as naturally as though they had stepped from the first page of one of Mr. Davis' novels. The only thing I can congratulate myself on is that no dignified, elderly-looking gentleman was reading a *London Times* by the window. No doubt the next time I tell this story I shall be obliged to introduce him, or some captious critic may accuse me of weaving the story out of "the loom of fancy." Thank God! I am honest enough to put that phrase in quotations.

Now that I come to think about it, he was there—sitting by the window, too,—but sleeping. And now we have the opening—the four men drinking at the table, the old man sleeping by the window and Pandor, "Prince" Pandor, smoking in a large arm-chair by the fire. Could anything look more like fiction? Why, we've seen it in Davis a dozen times.

While there is no way of knowing to a certainty what the Prince was thinking about, if you could have seen his thick, sensuous lips, his heavy, drooping eyelids, his pudgy, little hands and the dash of gray in the hair behind the ears, you might have been reckless enough to say—"a woman." What better thought could he have? say you. None, say I, but a married woman? Ah, that's different. Such thoughts are not pretty and Prince and I, had we known each other personally, would never have been friends, just on that account.

"Thinking of a woman." That's a trifle indefinite in the case of the Prince. It might have been the beautiful

wife of Mr. K—, or Mrs. S—, or the homely but fascinating Lady—, or, but my time is limited. True, these were affairs of the past. At least a year had elapsed since he had bowed to any one of them, but he often dreamed about them. 'Twas a harmless little habit he had. But as the Prince sat there smiling at imaginary figures, there was one that persisted in dancing before his eyes with irritating grace—dancing on the heads of the others—until she was exhausted and victorious. Victorious? She was always that. This was the only woman the Prince really felt he was justified in loving. He knew her first and, to make the case stronger in his favor, lied to himself and said he loved her first. He knew, away down in his wicked heart, that his love dated from the first day he learned of her marriage to his friend, "The Worm." What a stir the insignificant Worm caused when he married her. "Infatuation" every one said. "Wait till the Worm turns." But he didn't turn. Something was wrong, people thought, when, a year later, they saw the Worm and wife driving together as if they enjoyed it. Then the Prince returned from London.

Do you know, every time I tell this story I hate the Prince more,—and to think he is going about the world, today, alive. But then, he's reformed. Oh, yes, the Prince is not the wicked creature any longer; he is quite tame now and much patronized by women. He tells them little tales.

Please do not forget the four conventional men at the conventional table. You see, had they not been very honorable men and discussing a very interesting subject, the Prince might never have reformed. The cigar, that is a necessary adjunct to a story of this kind, had gone out and the Prince was reaching for another, had his fingers in his upper vest pocket, in fact, when a very deep voice from one of the four men said: "The man who makes love to a married woman is a cad."

Now, of course, the Prince did not agree with the voice. Still 'twas none of his affair. He was about to nip the end of his cigar when a squeaky voice reiterated: "A cad."

The Prince drew the cigar down from his mouth. That last gentleman had used undue emphasis on the word. "But what of that," mused the Prince. "The gentleman evidently did that from habit."

The cigar was lifted to his mouth when another voice, a sad voice, whimpered: "A cad."

Now the Prince had his back to these gentlemen; still he knew very well that this sad-voiced person had cast a look in his direction, a look that was meant to be seen only by the other persons. The fire was not so warm, but warm enough to redden the Prince's face. There was quiet for a moment when a thunderous voice that seemed to be directed at him alone, shouted: "A damned cad."

The Prince had rumbled the leaf of his cigar and, as the last man spoke, had an odd idea that the proper place for it would be the throat that emitted such a horrible sound. But he waited a very long time, he thought. In reality it was only a moment when the sad voice—this time it was very, very sad, irritatingly sad—and, and familiar, said: "What of the man that makes love to his *friend's* wife?"

There was but one voice, a horrible, hellish voice, composed of many voices that shouted: "A damned black-guard."

The Prince started for them and the insulting wretches would have fared badly, but they had gone, the old gentleman said, gone an hour before.

Of course it was his conscience, you'll say, but I'm not going to let the Prince have a particle of sympathy and prefer to think that the men had been there, and hurried away when the Prince started to rise. That would make the old man a liar, but somehow I'm suspicious of that old man because he wasn't reading the *London Times*.

"Did you notice them?" said the Prince.

Of course the old gentleman knew the Prince—everybody did, that is to say, everybody but I.

"Yes." The old gentleman was gruff. He didn't respect the Prince at all.

The Prince hesitated—a fault he was seldom guilty of—"And—and was the Worm one of them?"

"The Worm is at home," said the old gentleman, "with his wife—where he ought to be." He was a gentleman of the old school. At any other time the Prince might have argued with the patriarch and given him ten ethical reasons why the Worm should not be so unconventional, but the old gentleman had queer ideas and the Prince thought him hardly worth reforming.

Right here, there might be a divergence in mystery. For instance, I might steal some of the platitudes Shakespeare stole from someone else, dress them up in modern slang, and call them epigrams. Or I might probe the soul of the Prince, show the inner workings of his mind and give you a reason for the singular formation of the Prince's left nostril. But I am neither a Henry James nor a physician. Besides I am anxious to get to the Worm, who is really the hero of this story. I want to show you how diabolically clever he was and how he tricked the Prince. I feel very grateful to the Worm for doing that and if I knew him would be pleased to buy him a drink.

If we took the Prince's word for it, his apartments were the finest in the town. But I do not care to place any reliance upon what he says, for, after all, reputation does count for something. Still, as report had it, 'twas the most unique suite in the three blocks that contained nothing but odd, bachelor homes. Without going into a labored description, I can quote—not the Prince, but a person whom his highness engaged to attend to his wants. "They were not desirable for a single gentleman." That is another point I want you to remember, for it illustrates a small part of the Worm's superhuman cunning.

One day, when Mrs. Worm was dancing in the first row of the "Daffy-Dilly" chorus, she took a friend, who was also nimble on her toes, and together they floated into a Broadway photograph gallery. The photographs were twelve dollars a dozen and she purchased twenty-four. When she married the Worm he took particular pains to collect all the pictures from her dearest friends. He succeeded in collecting twenty-three, but the missing one was sought in vain. The Prince had it in a little black frame on his mantel. It had the place of honor and was only removed when the Worm dropped in. Really, gentlemen, could you have seen the picture you would not have wondered at the Worm's anxiety, and I think the keeping of that picture was one of the most caddish of the Prince's acts, in spite of the fact that he claimed it was for the sake of Art. I can assure you that this was merely the excuse of a sinner. There was nothing artistic about the picture. I have seen it myself, and I know.

The Prince had a habit of taking his shoes off by the fire. He had just removed one—was holding it in his hand, in fact—when the serious-faced man-servant brought in a card. The Prince instantly replaced his shoe on his foot and inquired if the Worm looked dangerous.

"While the expression on his face," said the servant, "is not indicative of sincere mirth, I should be loath to call it by any other name than a smile, but, as a matter of fact, the term is not a fitting one, and were I not afraid of being called vulgar, I should say the gentleman is grinning."

By this time the Prince had laced his shoe. "Tell him I will see him—and stay in the next room until he goes."

You will see by this that the Prince had another fault—cowardice.

Now for the Worm. Heretofore, in telling this story, I have refrained from describing this wonderful man, preferring, and with good judgment, I believe, to let my audience form its own idea of his appearance. Several men and a few women have given me an unique description, analyzing his quality and state of mind with a daring as admirable as it was original. Some prefer him as a small, stout man with very sad eyes, others as a man whose face was indicative of a care-free nature. One lady insisted that he wore satin trousers with little bow-knots at the knees. Any one of these is worth considering—you have but to choose. But let his stature be short or tall, his eyes be sad or merry, dress him in the little satin trousers

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if you will, the one fact we must all agree on was his demoniacal cunning and his grin. This grin was not one of those commonplace affairs that paragraphers describe as stretching from ear to ear. On the contrary, there was no stretch about it. Each ear had an individual and separate grin of its own. Every hair in his mustache, every hair on his head was grinning. He was a personified grin, and as such was not conducive to a peaceful evening. Indeed, as the Worm sat there warming his hands, the Prince felt that the servant was too far away by one room.

But it was not the Worm's intention to coerce or frighten the Prince, for, after he had warmed his hands sufficiently, he became quite sociable, discussing with easy grace the new play by Clyde Fitch, the latest Carvel novel, and the rain, which was still pattering against the window-pane, in the approved literary way. The Prince began to breathe as normally as such an abnormal person could breathe and said some very daring things, which I have since read in a society novel.

Now this was simply another part of the Worm's plan. He knew that the Prince would not be able to converse ten minutes longer without mentioning women. The Prince fell into the trap. "For surely," he thought, "he must be ignorant of the whole affair." So he mentioned women, discoursed quite eloquently on the subject, and the Worm listened—listened and grinned.

The Prince had just left the criticism of budding womanhood and was about to say: "And now as to married women," when he suddenly remembered the picture,—the picture that his artistic soul bade him hide from every man's eyes, especially the Worm's eyes. The Prince, so as not to attract the Worm's attention, first glanced at the top of the book-case, then slowly turned his head round to where he knew the picture was. The thing that had gladdened his artistic soul was gone. As a matter of fact, the Worm was holding it in his hands and looking at it—and grinning.

"You're getting careless," said the Worm. "This is the second time you have left my wife's picture where I could see it."

The Prince fell into the pretty humor of the Worm's words. "I don't remember the other time. I always put it in my trunk when you are coming."

The Worm grinned again. "Yes, that's where I saw it. I didn't have anything else to do, so I went through your trunk one evening."

I must beg to question the ethics of the Worm in going through the Prince's trunk, still one must admit the act had its extenuations.

"'Tis a pretty thing," said the Worm whimsically. "I don't blame you for wanting to keep it. The Worm was very quiet for a moment—not as quiet as the Prince, however, who was biting his finger nails—another bad habit of his. Then the Worm said, very gently: "How long have you been in love?"

"Since she married you," said the Prince. He was a bully when he wasn't a coward, which is usually the way.

"Why didn't you tell me?" said the Worm.

"Didn't know how you'd take it," said the Prince.

"Oh, it was all right. I meant to tell you." The Worm had resumed the grin. "The last three or four times you made love I had to sit on a very uncomfortable chair behind a screen. You at least might have arranged to make me comfortable."

You should have heard the Worm—he had a merry wit. "Pretty apartments you have." The Worm said this in a very sincere way, then he walked about the room, and knocked on the walls to see if they were solid. "Nice oak furniture, too." He put on his glasses better to see the furniture. "Will you trade with me?"

"What do you mean," said the Prince.

"My home for yours," and the Worm grinned.

The Prince thought, as any of us would have thought, that the Worm was joking, but the Worm put his hand in his pocket and threw a key on the table. I should like to describe the key, as it was very odd-looking.

"Do you mean it?" said the Prince.

"Yes," said the Worm. "Give me your key." The Prince handed him a key which the Worm looked at and put under the clock.

"Now," said the Worm, looking at him without the grin, "tell me where you keep your wine."

The Prince showed him, and they opened a bottle.

"One drink before you go," said the Worm. "Here's to your happiness!" They drank. The Prince was daring again. "I'll call on you some day."

"You will never enter these rooms again." The Worm was very, very positive as he said this, and he tapped the bell on the table. The linguistic servant-wonder appeared and the Worm, looked him over very carefully. "You'll do, I guess," he said. "Now show this gentleman out and lock up for the night."

The Wonder, as you may naturally suppose, was on the point of refusing, but the Prince crooked his finger and the Wonder obeyed. Let us hope that the Prince was thoughtful enough to give the Wonder a good-sized tip.

As the Prince crossed the street he looked up at the window and saw the Worm standing there, a wine-glass in his hand—and he was grinning—grinning. Then the Prince ran, or at any rate walked very rapidly, to the Worm's house.

"A fair exchange," he said, as he saw the massive mansion loom up before him. It had cost the Worm a pretty sum. The Prince fumbled about the door for the keyhole, but the night was very dark, so he struck a match and there, hanging from the doorknob, fluttering softly in the wind, was something that looked very much like crepe.

Can't you see the Worm sitting in the Prince's big arm-chair, drinking the Prince's wine—and grinning?

No, gentlemen, you are wrong in your surmise that I am the Worm—or the Prince either. In fact, to rid myself of the fear that the Prince's mantle should fall on me I will shock you by saying that the whole story is a lie—or, as the Wonder would say, a "fabrication." But imagine the Worm there, grinning—grinning—grinning."

ST. LOUIS, January 10th.



A KEEN FOR KING O'KEEFE.

BY MICHAEL MONAHAN.

[The sad fate of Denis O'Keefe, called "King O'Keefe of Yap," was told recently in the newspapers. O'Keefe's sovereignty was no empty figment. Some thirty years ago he visited the small island of Yap in the Caroline Archipelago, and liking the place, settled there. The natives chose him as their King and abandoned Cannibalism at his behest. They made a considerable advance in civilization and O'Keefe built up a profitable shipping trade for himself. One of his last acts, it is said, was to send his family, at Savannah, Ga., a cheque for a large amount. To say more were to trespass on the poem.]



ALLILU!
Wirra asthru!

Arrah, what's the hap
To King O'Keefe of Yap?—
Sure he's dead—
Heaven be his bed!
And 'tis idle are our moans,
For the salt say has his bones,
In the lee of the Ladhrones.

Allilu!
Wirra asthru!

Oh, grief, grief
For our sovereign O'Keefe!
Thirty years he ruled in Yap
(Ye'll not find it on the map,
But 'tis in the Carolines,
Not far off the Philippines)—
And his subjects paid no rint,
For O'Keefe took every cint;
And he never had a fight
That he didn't settle right;
And he left the land in peace

At the time of his decease.

Oh, grief, grief!

Oh, voe, voe, voe!

How shall we keen our woe,
And the burthen of our grief,
For the royal dead O'Keefe?
Let us raise the wail again
From Rangoon to Radack Chain;
Let us tell our loss anew
From Hogolen to Gulu,
And the coral says ashtound
With the lamentable sound
For his Majesty that's dhrowned,
Dhrowned, dhrowned.

Oh, voe, voe, voe!

O'Keefe, O'Keefe, ashore,
Could ye know the anguish sore
That bites all our hearts to-day,
Ye would rise up from the say.
But alas! so deep ye lie,
All the navies of the world,
With their battle flags unfurled,
Ne'er might send a ripple nigh
Where the coral insects creep
Over you in drameless sleep.

O'Keefe, O'Keefe, ashore!

Och, melair,
Our black despair!
Sure Fate never sthru a blow
That brought Ireland down so low;
No, not e'en the murdherin' shroke
That felled Brian like an oak.
For not since ould Tara's day
Has an Irish King held sway;
And O'Keefe would not pay rint,
Tho' 'twas for a continint—
But he's dead and gone and spint;
Och, melair!

Ochone, ochone!
What avail the sigh and groan,
Now he's left us sad and lone,
Since the black and sorra day
That he sailed from Yap away,
With a load of copra dung,
For the harbor of Hung Kung?
Sure he met a hurricane,
And it sunk him in the main,
Whence he'll rise but once again.
Ochone, ochone!

Wail, wail,
Ye sthriken Gael!
Chant your loss with wild hurroo,
From Palmyras to Balew,
Till the waird claygiac sthrain
Search the wide Pacific main;
While the Yaps, to ease their grief
For their sovereign O'Keefe,
Fall upon a rich ragout
Made of missionary sthew.
Wail, wail!

Allilu!
Wirra asthru!
Tho' we deafen every ear,
Sure O'Keefe he will not hear.
Wail him soft or wail him loud,
Still he's silent in his shroud,
Where the strange say chratur crowd,
For he's dead—yes, he's dead,
May the Heavens be his bed!
And 'tis idle are our moans,
Now the salt say has his bones,
In the lee of the Ladhrones.
Allilu!
Wirra asthru!

Nugent's

Semi-Annual Clearing Sale Echoes

There are Clearing Sales and Clearing Sales. Every progressive store has Clearing Sales. But the value of the Clearing Sale to you depends on the quality of the goods usually carried by that store, and the depth of the reduction made. The Nugent quality is always reliable, so guaranteed. The reductions are quoted with absolute correctness in our advertisement. We warrant all goods as represented in every particular. For these reasons the Nugent Clearing Sales are unusually profitable to you. The Midwinter Sale is now at its height assuring you a better assortment than can be obtained at any time later.

FREEZING UP.

A CANADIAN SKETCH.

BY C. H. W.

THE horses are stamping and fidgeting outside the station in the keen November air. The country lies outspread like a Brobdingnagian chessboard, with sections one mile square, and a road allowance running round each section. On one side of our particular road is a limitless expanse of sere, yellow prairie grass; on the other, barley and oats in stooks, and white whorls of smoke from distant threshing machines. The trail is cut into deep black furrows by the heavy traffic and the clods crumble like biscuits under the wheels. A mob of snow-birds flutters up in front of us, their white breasts gleaming momentarily in the sun, till they settle again a hundred yards or so further on, and promptly vanish from sight, for their backs still retain the dingy brown of their summer plumage. There is a wrinkling skin forming on the still surface of the water in the broad ditch that runs parallel to us, and far away to the north are flying wedges of wild geese across the clear blue sky. The leaves are all off the oaks in the little grove behind the house, and the pigs are rooting among them for acorns, while a wrathful jay is scolding furiously from a bare bough overhead. A month or so ago the sunflowers were breast high, a forest of gold, from the wire fence to the building itself, and beyond them to the edge of the marsh, a quarter of a mile away, was a sea of blue and mauve and yellow. To-day everything is scorched into a dull monochrome of withered reeds and bleached stubble and tawny sedge, and the ice in the cattle tracks gleams fitfully here and there like shattered glass; the very hues of the sunset are laid on in hard, remorseless streaks of vivid color. You wake in the night, warm and comfortable under a pile of blankets, and smell the cold. There is no expression that quite conveys that subtle sensation of falling temperature when winter sets in, dry and sharp, near the great Northern lakes.

The walls of the shooting-lodge are built of wood, for it is only inhabited for a few months in the year. The water in the bedrooms is solid when we rise and light our lamps before dawn, and our breath curls away in clouds of wreathing smoke as we emerge into the twilight outside, and plod in single file, silent and ghostlike, down to the edge of the swamp. The slaty-grey canoes have been

hauled half-way up a narrow gutter, dug out through the muskeg, down which we move in a constant panic, for every step crashes through a coating of sharp-edged ice that may slip through our thin waders at any moment. The decoys lying between the thwarts are powdered over with hoar-frost, so that we can hardly distinguish between mallard and redhead; tucked away under the bows of the nearest boat is a forgotten golf-cape; and, snuggled up in that, a snow-white ermine, who uncurls himself and gazes up at us with bright, indignant eyes. Then he climbs sinuously over the gunwale and trots off through the thin crepitating reeds, secure in his beauty and fearlessness, for it would be a sheer breach of hospitality to shoot him.

The ice is thicker than we expected and the first shimmer of dawn finds one of us still poling desperately in the stern and the other smashing a way through with a broken oar from the bows, while the startled mallard are getting up in disconcerting numbers on all sides. Against the luminous gold of the rising sun the geese are cutting swiftly in black triangles, winging their clangorous way from the lake to the distant grain-fields. The wind blows colder and colder from the northwest, and when we emerge at last into open water the paddles are sheathed in coats of mail and the drops splashed on to the gun-barrels have congealed like jelly. We force the pace for our shooting ground and lose no time in throwing out our decoys, threading out their tiny cables through frozen fingers, and leaving them to ride at anchor, curtseying up and down just outside the tide where we crouch close down among the reeds, almost more eager for shelter than concealment.

For half an hour or so there is a continuous stream of great mallards, swinging by in splendid plumage, dropping under the shots with a mighty splash, for they have been fattening for weeks on the wheat-fields; of redheads, the snub-nosed cousins of the stately canvas-backs; of vicious little blue-bills, that whiz past like feathered projectiles and, too often, slip ahead of the tardy pellets; and then there is a pause while we paddle out and collect our spoil. And still it grows colder and colder and the wind blows harder, till we begin to fear that unless we start homeward at once we shall find ourselves frozen in altogether, a fear that is not unjustified, as the path we forced open in the morning is all sealed up again, solid and unyielding, and the task of breaking a way through means two hours of vigorous toil. We pile the oak logs unsparingly into the stove in the sitting-room, and hold our guns over the blaze to thaw out before packing them away till next year, for even the oil is thickened into the consistency of butter in the bottles; and

we bid a regretful farewell to the prairie chickens huddled up on the bare branches of the distant trees.

In the morning we tramp back through the crisp, crackling sedge and hack the canoes out of their frozen beds with ringing ax-strokes, for the water has risen during the night and the ice has formed in new layers, one above the other. Between two of these we catch sight of a grand old mallard, dropped from yesterday's bag, his emerald neck gleaming through a casing of crystal and a drop of blood on his white breast lying like a ruby set in snow. There he might have tarried, like the Siberian mammoth, till next spring, but that a paddle was embedded close to him, and that must not be left behind. Then we hoist our little fleet of five on to the big wagon and creak slowly back to the shed where they will be housed for the winter, the cart being again loaded with gun-cases, bicycles, portmanteaus, everything that cannot be stored in the empty house, which is to be nailed up—windows and all—till the season opens. Here and there between our various effects we leave little oases into which we stow ourselves, swathed in buffalo robes and blankets, for the eight mile drive to the station.

The long ruts on the road gleam like polished iron; the lustre of the ice in the distant pools blanches into turbid soapsuds as we draw near, and the sky is the pale blue and green of discolored turquoise. We can count fourteen busy threshing-machines from where we sit, and see the dun clouds of flying chaff beneath the white steam of the engines; the report of a half-breed's gun near the lake shore sounds like blasting in the frosty air; and the farmer driving by in his light buggy is muffled to the eyes in black fur. It is dusk before we reach the railway line and away to the South we see the pulsating glow of a great wall of fire from burning straw; the platform is empty save for a pile of flour-sacks unloaded from a freight train that has just passed, but the little waiting-room is crowded to the door. Round the stove is a group of dark-eyed girls in cowboy hats and red knitted caps, with high storm-collars turned up around their ears; under the gaudy pictures of red-and-white-funnelled steamers churning through the Atlantic waves are brown-faced, black-bearded half-breeds in buckskin coats, moccasins, and shabby fur caps; and we can hear the rumble of the train miles away on the distant prairie. The bunches of ducks fall with a resounding thwack on the boards as we pitch them out of the wagon, their necks stretched stiff and unyielding as iron bars. The snow is beginning to drift down lazily in fine, powdery flakes that tickle the skin and sparkle in the glare of the lamps; and we know that to-morrow the sleigh bells will toll the knell of the dead summer.

THE NEGRO AND THE FARM.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

I note, in your last issue, you refer, in your "Reflections," to the reiteration by Booker Washington of his belief that the hope for the negro's progress and improvement lies in his getting back to the farm and learning how to dig an honest living out of the ground. You are disposed to differ with Washington and think that the negro's low type of morals will greatly militate against any scheme to segregate him and keep him industriously at work. May I give you briefly some thoughts on this subject? I need hardly say that the tremendous importance of it demands our most serious consideration.

I premise by saying I know the negro, I know him as no other man, but those like me, can know him. I was born and reared among them; I was an owner of slaves by inheritance, am an ex-rebel and a Democrat. I have employed many of them in freedom. I am familiar with all parts of the South, and I think I can state with perfect truth that the negro is not more immoral and not lazier or more neglectful of his opportunities to work industriously than white people of the same average intelligence.

Of course, it would be too much to expect of any people, whose history has been savagery, then slavery, and then, suddenly, freedom and citizenship thrust upon them, that they would behave themselves with the greatest wisdom and the profoundest ideas of right. I think they have done as well as we could reasonably expect. I shall never cease to feel kindly to them and to believe, whatever the motives that might have then controlled them, that the people of the whole South should feel grateful to them, for their behavior during the Civil War. Then, when the white women and children of the South were at their mercy and might have been massacred wholesale, they staid at their posts, cared for their mistresses and children, and fed the armies in the field, fighting to keep them in slavery.

None but those whose history is like mine can at all appreciate the fealty of the former slaves to their owners, who were the least bit humane. Myself and brothers being away from home during the day, my widowed mother and her daughters were left alone. It was impossible to get even a white overseer, and an old black head-man was put in authority on the plantation. On one occasion the old man found that four of the young men had conspired to kill him. He came to my mother for protection. It was a hard problem for her to solve; but she knew the negro and she had courage and fertility of resource. The conspiracy had to be stopped and the guilty parties punished. She could not do it herself; so she had them sent into her presence, read to them a note addressed to the Marshal of the town near by, instructing him to give them each thirty-nine lashes on the bare back, and send them back home. She gave them the note and told them to go at once and deliver the note to the Marshal, take their punishment and return home. They went, got their punishment, came home and never molested the head-man again. Just a few years ago one of these men, the only survivor of the four, along with many of the other old slaves and their descendants, joined me and the rest of the white family in following my aged mother to the grave. Of all the mourners, white and black, present, I am sure there was none whose tears fell from a more honest affection and sorrow than did his.

Knowing then, as I do, the negro, in all the phases of association possible, extending from childhood with the memory of a "black mammy" and boy play fellows, "Bob," "Tom," "Jim," "Ben" and all the rest, through the experience of a master with his slaves and a gentleman with his hired men, I want to say that the negro is not so "black as he is painted." They commit crimes; and they are punished with a certainty that would be very commendable if applied to whites as well; but they do not commit more crimes than would any other race under similar conditions. There are few things in the lives of the average negroes that are for the uplifting of them. Ninety-nine per cent of them in the country and eighty per cent of them in towns and cities live, whole families crowded, in a single room. Their wages are small and they are deprived of many of the commonest comforts of life. But leaving out of consideration the lack of comforts, the mere herding of the whole family and others, often, (for they actually entertain visitors) into a single room, is a fact that inevitably blunts sensibilities and tends to degrade morals.

In the country it is easy for them to have more room and more comforts of living. Log cabins are cheap and fuel abundant and most of them have a cow or two, pigs, chickens and a mule. If they were taught better methods of farming, which I am sorry to say the white farmers who own most of the lands, know as little about as they; and if they are honestly dealt with by land owners and merchants, which they sometimes are not; they would all accumulate enough to own their own homes. A very great number of them do already.

The negro is not more gregarious than the white; probably less so. It has not been found hard to segregate him. All over the plantations of the South are found negroes living in scattered cabins, with a satisfaction and a content that do not by any means characterize whites under similar conditions. The negro is naturally religious and very social in his religion; in fact that may be the strongest feature in his religion; but it serves a good purpose. So the negro church with its Sunday and week day services constitutes as important a factor in their lives as it does in those of their betters.

I believe, with Booker Washington, that the country is the place and farming the business that will ultimately serve to lift the race to a higher plane. As I have said above, the difficulty is to get them to do good farming. There is no one to teach them. On not one farm or plantation in the South is there made the slightest pretense to intelligent, not to say scientific, farming. If some philanthropist, who really wishes to do his country the greatest possible good, would buy up cheap lands scattered over the South and put in charge of them men who know how to farm with real intelligence and business sense, and employ and train the negroes in these methods, he would do more to better them and the whole section of the country than can be done in any other way.

There is just one other point I wish to touch upon; the negro in his social relations to the whites. A great many people, even Southern people, seem to feel that there is danger, some time, of the negro trying to force himself, in a social way, upon the white man and his family. I have never in my life seen the slightest indication of it. In all the miscegenation that has been responsible for the shades of colors running all the way from jet black to pale saddle color, it has been the white man, not the black that was

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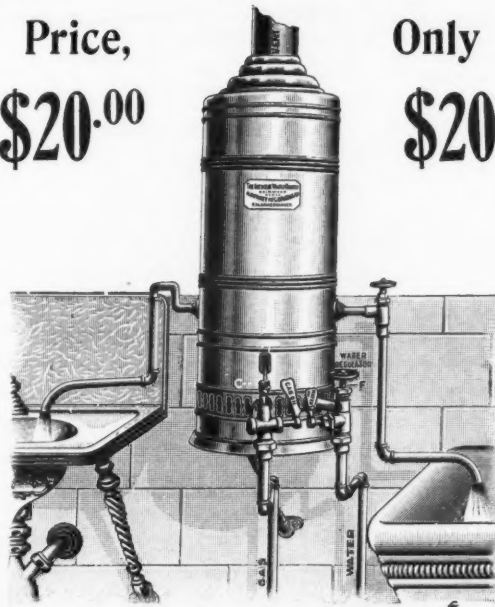
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guilty. I once heard a colored orator, on Decoration Day say, speaking of the Sumner Civil Rights Bill, then in Congress: "The white folks seem to be much afraid of this bill; they say if it is passed they can't keep the niggers out of their parlors. Well it has never been the niggers that wanted to get into white men's parlors, but the white men that couldn't be kept out of the nigger's parlor. I am a white man's son; I am."

In Texas there are towns in which no negro is allowed to stay after sundown. And worse than that, in Illinois, not a hundred miles from St. Louis, there are towns where any negro who chances to stop, is at once shown the shortest way out of town and told to go. This is all wrong. There is no good reason for it. All the white people of this country, Democrats and Republicans should study the negro problem honestly and free from prejudice or political bias and I am confident that the race will prove to be apt students in acquiring good morals, thrift and intelligence.

Geo. B. Morton.

St. Louis, Mo.

Mr. Chas. A. Waugh, thirty years with the E. Jaccard Jewelry Co., has installed and is now in charge of an up-to-date stationery department at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, 7th and Locust streets.

IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE EXCURSION

TO CITY OF MEXICO, JANUARY 28.

On above date, the American Tourist Association will run an excursion for a Tour of All Mexico, leaving St. Louis via the Iron Mountain Route at 8 p. m. Rate, \$365, including all expenses, railway and sleeping car fares, meals in dining cars, transfers, hotels, carriages, automobiles, special street cars, etc. For complete information, call at City Ticket Office.

Jones: "How on earth does Bluffem manage to get credit for his clothes of that swell tailor?" Brown: "The tailor found out that he lived at the Hotel Magnificent." Jones: "But how does he manage to carry it off with the hotel people?" Brown: "I suppose they judge him by his clothes."—Tit-Bits.

Mr. Clubman: "I see by the papers that a poor young man, who lost both his legs while saving the life of a beautiful heiress at a railway crossing, is to marry the girl. She dismissed all suitors and offered herself to him." Mrs. Clubman (meaningly) "Very sensible girl. She'll know where her husband is nights, anyway."—New York Weekly.

SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.
Mrs. James L. Blair has for her guest Mrs. Carson, of the East.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles Powell and their family have gone to Florida.

Mrs. Charles H. Baily will give a euchre party this afternoon to a number of ladies.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Sterling are guests of Mrs. Sterling's mother, Mrs. Dumont Jones.

Miss Ethel Pentress, of Chicago, is visiting Miss Ella Cochran, of Westmoreland place.

Mr. Everett S. Brookes, of 5032 Washington boulevard, is convalescing from a serious illness.

Mrs. Ferd P. Kaiser, of 6040 Maple avenue, entertained the Acephalous Euchre Club, Monday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Griesedieck will give a ball at their South Side home, on Saturday evening, January 18th.

Mrs. Norris B. Gregg gave a reception, last week, for her nieces, the Misses Hayes of Montreal, Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. McBlair have closed their country home, "The Lilacs," and come in town for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Walker leave, early in February, for California to spend the remainder of the winter there.

Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Peckham were guests of honor, last week, at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Albert Swasey.

Mrs. William Hamilton Cline, of Kansas City is spending a month with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Bayless.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Daugherty and Miss Tempe Belle Daugherty have gone to San Antonio, Tex., for several weeks.

Mrs. Cornelius Tompkins, Jr., of New York, will arrive this week to make a visit to Mrs. Cornelius Tompkins, Sr.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Herbert Walker will give up their Delmar avenue residence and remove next week to their new home in Hortense Place.

Mr. and Mrs. John Boyle gave a dance, last week, in honor of the Misses Guitar, of Columbia, Mo., who are visiting their sister, Mrs. Richard Boyle.

Mrs. Gerald B. O'Reilly gave a reception, Tuesday afternoon, between four and six o'clock, assisted by Mrs. Robert Reilly and Miss Florida Reilly.

Mrs. Philip N. Moore entertained a number of ladies, on Monday afternoon, with a reception in honor of her sister, Miss Perry, of Vassar College.

Miss Julia Moore has announced the date of her approaching marriage to Mr. Louis Bierman, to be Monday, January 20th. The nuptials will be very quiet.

Miss Nellie Mason, who has been making a visit to St. Louis relatives, has now gone to New York, to visit Mr. and Mrs. Walter Carr, until her wedding, which will take place on February 5th, in New York.

The marriage of Miss Edith January and Mr. John Davis, will take place on Saturday, January 18th. Miss January is the daughter of Mrs. D. A. January, of Westminster place, and a sister of Mrs. Howard Elliot.

St. Louis friends have received cards from General and Mrs. Powell Clayton for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Charlotte Clayton, to Baron Moncheur, which will take place on January 15th at Tacubaya, Mexico.

A buffet luncheon was given, Tuesday afternoon, by Mrs. Hyster Clymer, assisted by Mrs. George Von Schrader. A large number of fashionable matrons and young girls were present. Mrs. Ellen King assisted the hostesses.

Miss Ellen Humphreys Walsh and Mr. Will Maffit will be married on January 28th. The wedding will probably be followed by a reception in the home of the parents of the bride elect, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Walsh. Archbishop Kain has granted a dispensation that the ceremony may take place at home.

Mrs. Theodore F. Meyer gave a large function, on Tuesday afternoon, in honor of Miss Florence Harris, whose engagement to Mr. John B. Herff has just been announced. Assisting Mrs. Meyer were Mesdames Otto E. Forster, B. F. Yoakum, John Schroers, Arthur Bridgeman and Julius Pitzman and Misses Marie Overstolz and Anna Ittner, who presided at the punch bowl.

Mrs. Russell Harding gave a reception, on Tuesday afternoon, at the Southern Hotel, in honor of her guest, Mrs. Busby, of Memphis, Tenn. A bevy of ladies assisting Mrs. Harding in receiving were, Mesdames Eugene Abadie, Joseph Irwin, of Little Rock, Ark., W. A. Orcuth, of Little Rock, Sidney C. Johnson,

Charles E. Ware and A. B. Rust. The young girls serving were Misses Eloise Ware, Amy Townsend, Bertha Townsend, June Niederlander and Misses Caldwell and Sandborn, of St. Paul. Miss Helen Gould was also present.

St. Louis friends have received invitations to the marriage of Miss Edith Brooks, of Chicago, and Mr. Blakesley Collins, of St. Louis, which will take place on January 25th. The bride elect is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Carter Brookes, of Chicago, and Mr. Collins is the son of Mr. Lewis E. Collins. The bride and groom will come to St. Louis to reside, after a bridal tour.

Mr. and Mrs. Reid Northrup gave a large reception, on Monday evening, in honor of Mr. Northrup's cousin, Miss Helen Gould. Assisting the hostess were Mesdames O. H. Peckham, Edgar Tilton, Sanford Northrup, Misses Juliet and Elizabeth Warner, and the Misses Ramsay. Over four hundred invitations to the function were issued, including guests from Muscatine, Iowa, Kansas City and Milwaukee, Wis.

The marriage of Miss Laura May Scott and Mr. Walter Hart West took place on Saturday, at high noon, at Christ Church Cathedral, Rev. Dean Davis officiating. The bride was given away by her father, Mr. Emerson Wesley Scott, of California. Miss Mary Semple Scott served as maid of honor and Misses Carol West, Eugenia McBlair, Alice McBlair, Barbara Blackman, Stella Schnaider and Maude Wells, as bridesmaids. Mr. Allan West accompanied his brother as best man, and the groomsmen were Messrs. Joe Wear, Howard O'Fallon, George Tiffany, Ralph McKittrick, Sutfin, of Indianapolis, Ind., Charles Fair, of Chicago, and Farnham, of New Haven, Conn. After the ceremony there was a large reception at the home of the bride's aunt, Mrs. Ashley D. Scott. Miss Isabel Scott and Mrs. Lucy V. S. Ames assisted in receiving. The bride and groom will take a Southern tour, and then return here and reside on Maryland avenue.

At the reception given Saturday evening at the home of Gov. and Mrs. Francis, in honor of Miss Helen Gould, the receiving party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Francis, Miss Gould, Mr. and Mrs. James L. Blair and Mrs. Ernst, of Colorado. Among the many handsomely gowned ladies and attendant gentlemen were, Messrs. and Mesdames, Perry Francis, D. R. Francis Jr., D. M. Houser, Julius Walsh, Harrison Drummond, Howard Elliot, Festus J. Wade, Corwin H. Spencer, Norris B. Gregg, Paul Brown, W. H. Woodward, John Schroers, R. B. Dula, Pierre Chouteau, Wilbur F. Boyle.

Mrs. Alexander Cochran, of 7 Westmorland place, gave a violet buffet luncheon, on Monday afternoon, in honor of Miss Helen Gould. The affair was largely informal, although a beautiful function. Mrs. Cochran received with her guest of honor, assisted by her daughter Miss Ella Cochran. Miss Pentress, of Chicago, assisted in entertaining. Among the ladies present were, Mesdames Dan Catlin, Edward Mallinkrodt, John Fowler, Edgar Tilton, David R. Francis, David R. Francis, Jr., Perry Francis, George H. Shields, Norris B. Gregg, C. G. Warner, Russell Harding, McKittrick Jones, Charles Mulliken Duncan Joy, Julius Walsh, Henry Potter, James L. Blair, Misses Florence Hayward, Mary Lionberger, Juliet Warner, Elizabeth Warner, Mina Bredel, Marion Lindsay.

In changeable or damp weather one hears numerous complaints of swollen feet. A tight, uncomfortable shoe at such a time, especially, is very annoying, not to say painful. Shoes obtained at Swope's are always easy on the wearer. Swope's shoes, for fit, finish and durability, are the best. Swope's is at 311 North Broadway, St. Louis, U. S. A.

"Henry, how is the plot of that sea novel running?" "Well, just at this chapter there is a terrible storm, and the passengers are afraid the boat will go to the top." "You mean to the bottom." "No; this is a submarine boat."—*Philadelphia Record*.

"Were there any pretty dresses in the play?" "Oh, yes. The poor deserted wife, who had to take in sewing for a living, suffered agonies in a lovely white silk gown with chiffon ruffles, and a dream of a pearl-colored plush opera cloak lined with white fur."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*.

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THE CULT OF THE "GYM."

It is a grotesque conception of prophetic romancers, like Mr. H. G. Wells, that as we advance intellectually we are bound to recede physically. The vaticinators forget the curious coincidence of moral and artistic superiority with racial and physical superiority. Possibly the Greek of Pericles, the Florentine of Lorenzo de Medici or the Englishman of Elizabeth might not appreciate the Martian idea of exclusive mentality.

It is a far cry from Athens to St. Louis athletics, but the suggestion may not be remote to gentlemen like Rabbi Leon Harrison, whom I once heard quoting scripture at the Business Men's Gymnasium in defense of his rather practical adoption of the "strenuous life." And Rabbi Harrison is not the only St. Louisan of note who can quote *men's sana in corpore sano* with adequate realization of Latin and principle.

For twelve years the Business Men's Gymnasium has had for members the most prominent men in town—particularly professional men.

The lawyer or doctor or merchant needs systematic exercise to keep in good health. And under Prof. Mooney's direction he finds the surest way to bodily well being.

The gymnasium is in the Burlington building, at 810 Olive street, and occupies the entire upper floor where there is plenty of light and fresh air. Recently remodeled and enlarged it has every apparatus used in gymnasium work, hand-ball courts, shower baths, private rooms for dressing and boxing, and experienced attendants. In every respect it is completely equipped. What the New York Athletic Club is to Gotham the Business Men's Gymnasium is to St. Louis.

Prof. Mooney, the director, is himself an athlete and trainer. His idea is to give light but consistent exercise so that every muscle of the body is developed—heart strengthened, lungs expanded, and weight made normal. For this purpose there is a daily class held from 12:30 until 1 p. m. The members are put through a complete drill, from breathing exercises to dumb-bell work. The hour is convenient for

business men and the class correspondingly popular. If no other work is done, this is enough to put a man in perfect physical condition. It is either the gymnasium or the drug store, and there ought to be no hesitancy in the choice.

None of the many, new, mysterious fake methods of developing muscle and reducing weight is to be found at the Business Men's Gymnasium. Professor Mooney goes in for honest athletic training and introduces no faddist practices such as are affected by so many alleged physical culturists of these latter days. You are not sworn to secrecy as to methods which are by that very fact stamped as those of the man who, in popular parlance, is "working a graft." Professor Mooney has been in the business for years and he has mastered it by now sufficiently to know that nothing false "goes."

Prof. Mooney also gives special lessons in boxing and wrestling and many well known St. Louisans have mastered the manly art under his instruction. The gymnasium is open from 8 a. m. until 10 p. m.

The Visitor: "Horrors! The lightning express wrecked and totally destroyed by fire!" Young Artist: "Hurrah! Good!" The Visitor: "Are you crazy?" Artist: "No, but I expressed a drawing on that train, and I value it at fifty dollars. Now the express company will have to pay for it."—*Life*.

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After the theater, before the matinee or when down town shopping, the Ladies' Restaurant OF THE St. Nicholas Hotel has been found to commend itself to ladies for the quiet elegance of its appointments, its superior cuisine and service and refined patronage.

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MUSIC.

EVENTS OF INTEREST—PAST AND FUTURE.

For a brief period—one month—St. Louis may write itself a musical center. Events of more than passing interest crowd each other from now until the beginning of Lent. The local societies—Choral Symphony, Apollo, Union Musical and Morning Choral—are all astir and are putting forward the best of their offerings for the season.

Fritz Kreisler played last week with the Choral Symphony Orchestra and made this concert the most pleasurable of the society's series. Kreisler's is the last word in violin-playing. He is a great master and it will be long before we listen to his like again. Anything more exquisite, more absolutely perfect, from every viewpoint, than his rendition of the *Adagio* of the Bruch Concerto cannot be imagined. Kreisler does not need Paganini trivialities. He has so much more than can be given in mere technical display that, strange to say, he aroused his audience to more strenuous and lengthy demonstrations by his musicianly playing of the concerto than by the ease with which he conquered the transcendental difficulties of the "Non piu mesta" transcription. He played on a Gagliano—the tone might have been larger but could not have been sweeter.

Mr. Ernst is to be thanked for a most discreet and sympathetic accompaniment. The attitude of the leader and the men in the orchestra toward the artist could not but have been inspiring to him, it was such frank and honest hero-worship.

The Symphony received a worthy rendition and the other numbers, too, showed the orchestra at its best.

The influx of foreign music makers begins in earnest, however, to-night, when Hofmann plays at the Odeon. These importations have been in and about New York during the past six weeks, reciting again and again, now at Carnegie Hall, now at the Metropolitan Opera House, as it would be madness to venture into the West without being properly stamped and labeled with the approval of the New York press. The new seekers after American dollars have been endorsed, the old have had their endorsements renewed, so they are all good and all worthy of attention.

Josef Hofmann holds forth at the Odeon to-night and again Saturday afternoon. He plays two, good, comfortable, familiar programmes that we will all enjoy. The "Sonata Appassionata" of Beethoven and the "A flat" Chopin "Ballade." Think of the opportunities for comparison! Paderewski and all the fleet-fingered gentlemen of his *genre* have played them here, and we will take much pleasure in noting the difference in the various interpretations. We have not heard the virile Josef since his "infant phenomenon" days, and then he certainly gave promise of being one of the world's greatest pianists. New York says now—but never mind what New York says, let us find out for ourselves, to-night.

Jan Kubelik comes Monday. Since the days when P. T. Barnum managed Jenny Lind, there has been no such clever handling of a concert attraction as the Frohman-Goerlitz manipulation of the young Bohemian. Kubelik may be great or he may not, but certain it is that he has been "managed" into tremendous popular success.

Mme. Schumann-Heink sings on the Monday following, also at the Odeon. She is under the auspices of the Union Musical Club, and as usual, this energetic body is resorting to heroic measures in assuring itself of an audience. The boxes have nearly all been disposed of, by personal solicitation, and seats are already being sold in great number, thanks to the efforts of the club members. The Union Musical evidently knows its St. Louis public and does not purpose having the motherly contralto waste her sensational "Bolero" and Schubert "Lieder" on a desert of empty chairs.

Harold Bauer plays at the Apollo concert next Tuesday night. He is now here, and if reports are at all to be trusted, he will give great pleasure.

Mme. Lili Lehmann comes on the last day of the month in a song and Wagner music-drama recital.

The grand old *Brunhilde* will sing first a number of songs and then, assisted by Mr. Rheinhold Hermann, the eminent pianist and expositor of Wagnerism, will recite vocally and instrumentally from the Nibelungen Trilogy. There is no greater living interpreter of the role of *Brunhilde* in the Trilogy than Mme. Lehmann and her Wagner numbers must, therefore, be intensely interesting.

At the same time the Royal Italian Brass Band (the latest and greatest according to its manager) comes here for several concerts at the Odeon.

The Morning Choral Club will have the assistance of Sara Anderson at its concert, and this affair will complete a busy month of music for unmusical St. Louis.

NANETTE.

What did he give to you, Nanette,
This man that you will not forget?
His heart? Well, say perchance a bit
That soothed you when you needed it;
His soul? Well, say a mood wherein
He wearied of accustomed sin
And made you partner of regret,
Nanette.

What did he give to you, Nanette,
This man that you will not forget?
His wit? Well, say perchance a jest
That left its poison in your breast;
His brain? Well, say enough to show
How much he knew you might not know—
Poor butterfly in Wisdom's net,
Nanette.

What did he give to you, Nanette,
This man that you will not forget?
Libations at a goddess' shrine?—
He poured for you a different wine;
Incense that is a goddess' due?—
He gave a certain sort, 'tis true,
(The incense of a cigarette,)
Nanette.

He gave his worst to you, Nanette,
This man that you will not forget;
A kind contempt, a something less
Than tender in his tenderness.
Oh, Love was kind your eyes to dim—
You thought this dross the gold of him;
Your foolscap seemed a coronet,
Nanette.

Well, Fate must have its jest, Nanette,
The life of you will not forget,
And though a man might give his best,
His highest and his holiest

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Absolutely Fire-Proof. • Strictly High Class. • Both Plans.
RESTAURANT AND GRILL ROOM.
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Of soul and heart, you would not care,
And He—I think he laughs somewhere
To see your eyes are blinded yet,
Nanette.

Theodosia Garrison, in *New York Life*.

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and works off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold
in one day. No cure, No pay. Price 25 cents.

SAGE ADVICE Manager:—"Be careful
not to make the plot of your novel too com-
plicated." Author: "Why not?" Manager:
"Well, you know before it is dramatized the
plot will all have to be taken out."—Judge.

"You don't know how to make love!"
sneered the Gentleman of the Old School.
"No," laughed the Gentleman of the New
School, "I leave all that to the women! I
have need only to make money!"—Life.

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SOTHERN AS VILLON.

'Tis a pretty play Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy has pieced together from the paltry details that have come down to us about Francois Villon, poet and housebreaker. It is a dainty play, rococo, romantic, touched here and there with something of Austin Dobson, a little of Omar Khayyam, a dash of the ghazels of Hafiz and some Irishry and Cyrano de Bergerac. It is a play full of wit, full of poetry, full of humor and bizarrerie. Of course it does all sorts of astonishing things to history, but then history has no business being otherwise than as poets find it necessary to have it.

Villon was a sorry dog, though one says it who has seen something of the horrid charm of the life he led in that old Paris of splendor and squalor, gayety and pathos over which Louis XI reigned. There was nothing in him of the hero—absolutely nothing. Even Lewis Stevenson, who could gild anything, had to admit that he was the sorriest figure on the scroll of fame. John Payne can find little to excuse the poet for having been a ruffian, and Marcel Schwab has likewise failed to find justification for the scholar who consorted with thieves and lived on the proceeds of the harlotry of *la grosse Margot*. Far from being a hero was Master Francois. He was always getting out of scrapes through the influence of his friends. He is strongly suspected of having been a cowardly assassin, and he was pious only when he was trapped in some mean deed, and thrown in a dungeon. He insulted Katherine de Vaucelles, and she had him beaten. He insulted everybody in his two testaments. He whimpered like a whipped cur when he was in the shadow of the gibbet.

But the dog could write, as witness his ballade "Of Old Time Ladies," the hymn to the Virgin written for his mother, the song of the fair helm-maker grown old, his ballade of advice to the thieves, in their own slang, his song to those who would speak ill of France, his ballade of slanderous tongues. He wrote with a wistfully haunting pathos that touches us through the stretch of four centuries. He wrote with such grace that he himself, this poet of the gutter, the kennel, the jail and the brothel, was the beginning of modern French literature. He hid a sob in his most rollicking lines. His piety is suddenly developed in the midst of filth and obscenity. His cry, "where are the snows of yesteryear?" is one that touches the heart that has ever known and lost the joy of youth. He was perhaps the greatest minor poet who ever lived, except one, and that one was Bobby Burns. And he is the literary delight of all men who like to get down to the naked heart and soul of man, though both be rotten.

Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy is a poet, too—a good poet and an exquisite translator. He has caught the poetic value of all the extant work of Villon and has blended it all into a play that glorifies and apotheosizes this ragamuffin rhymester. He makes him a lover when he was but a *souteneur*. He makes him a hero when he was but a coward. He exalts him from jail to palace. And Mr. McCarthy does it with finished art through three acts, only to fall down in the fourth and boggle and blunder out of it by a whole arsenal of mechanical devices. But the atrociously unnatural fourth act was inevitable. The series of pretty lies of which the story is made up could not possibly work out true. The shaven poll abbess is transformed into a golden curled lass. She was

as vile a wench as ever went too long unhung. Only Colin Cayeux, Guy de Tabarie, Rene de Montigny remain as they are to be found in the chronicle of Villon's life. If you know your Villon you cannot help resenting the deification of the man and the dramatist's debonair distortion of history. But even while you feel this resentment you cannot help responding to the literary genius of Justin Huntly McCarthy. The genius is literary almost exclusively: not dramatic. The speeches, the epigrams, the songs are exquisitely done,—exquisitely I have used before, but it is the only word for it. Admirable use is made of the legendary Louis XI of the hideous orchard close on which each tree, each morning might show, for his delight, a corpse pendent. Mr. McCarthy's style, in this play, is the most marvelous patch-work of the phrases of an assumed character that I ever remember to have seen, except one, and that exception is Zangwill's blend of his own thought and language with those of Heine's writings in the sketch "From A Mattress Grave." His poetry is tender and gorgeous, his wit bitter, his humor sadly sweet. You're glad it's all such a good poem, sorry that it fizzles out into such a poor play. So much for Mr. McCarthy.

Mr. E. H. Sothorn gives to the poet's super-poetical conception of a poet body and substance. Mr. Sothorn has the romantic temperament and the artistic restraint that modifies the excesses of the romantic temperament. Mr. Sothorn is an artist and a gentleman, therefore he can take up and give verisimilitude to a character poetically transformed into gentility out of rowdyism. Mr. Sothorn is the Villon that Mr. McCarthy paints for us, but he is also the Villon that Stevenson has pictured in his delicious essay. He is something, too, of that Villon of whom Swinburne made a ballade that has been rendered banal by too constant quotation of the sad, bad, mad, glad refrain. There is that in Sothorn which gives him a peculiarly effective power of impression of a lurking sadness. In his most blithe moments there recur some minor strain in his voice, some little trick of gesture, that recalls a gesture of some one gone, some look out of the eye that seems to search out an old memory. His actions have grace, but not too much grace. His voice has not a great range, but within its range it is powerful and capable of subtle modulation. He makes an acceptable rogue, because he understands the art of roguishness. Roguishness is very different from roguery. His Villon is roguish rather than villainous, in the first act. That is Villon as Mr. McCarthy, not the Lord, made him. Only the Late E. J. Henley could have played Villon as the Lord made him, while only his brother could have so dramatized "the clerk of Paris." Sothorn's Villon, in the tavern of the Fir-Cane, is such a Villon as the fashionable audience will stand for. It is just that amount of realism which titillates with a suggestion rather than revolts by photographic accuracy. The cannikin clinks merrily. The poet reviles himself, boasts, tells in the presence of the King, what the fate of the Burgundian would be "if Villon were the King of France." The mother-motive is worked in deftly enough. It is not too lachrymose. The story of the first meeting with Katherine and the beating he got for his verses is splendidly told. You can feel the smart of the rhymers' back. The interview with Katherine, her pride and scorn, his poetry, her weird request that he kill the man she hates, the swaggering challenge and forced duel and the final



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"Good Lord" of the poet as the king doffs his disguise, all these are in most excellent variety of romantic veritism. The first act is as fine in its way as Stevenson's short tale of Villon, "A Lodging for the Night." If Stevenson could have seen it he would have danced with a bounding heart beneath his velvet coat. The scenes have color, music, life, the charm of everything that goes with young, warm blood. Even the elder Dumas could have appreciated it and given stentorian applause.

When the poet becomes the Lord Constable of France, is "translated"—more happily than dear old Bottom, the Weaver—and is installed in the palace, we find Sothorn still at his best. We find him in a puzzled humor to account for the meaning of his change of state. We find him doubtful of his sobriety and then making the merry best of it. The judgment scene is especially fine as illustrating Sothorn's humor. The passages with the King and later with Katharine are happily conceived in every detail. Most powerfully does this actor render the effect of the torture of new born passion, and the even rarer torture devised for him by the most diabolical king. The second act moves with dignity and grace unto the end when Katharine says "A man has come to France." The third act is filled with much high talk, much love-making, much plot and counter-plot. The love scene is tremendously good. It is real love making,

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oriental in its intensity and it leads up to a passage in which Miss Loftus, as Katharine, tells why a woman loves a man, in a passage than which the stage has given us nothing better, of late years, outside of the lines of Ros-tand. In the disillusionment scene, when Sothern has to disclose the fact that he is Vil-lon, not the great lord and soldier, there is tell-ing work. His confession is wrung out of him yet withal he makes it in manly fashion, and the woman's contempt and scorn, fierce and bitter though they are, evoked an equally striking acceptance of the poet's doom. These are the things that stand out saliently in the midst of a great many others in a series of very moving incidents.

The fourth act is a muddle in which the dramatist lost his grip of his material, and it collapses into an unconvincing, illogical, dragged-in-by-the-ears denouement. The fourth act is tawdy, melodramatic, yet it has patches of the real royal purple in action and language, of which Mr. Sothern most handsomely avails himself.

The play is splendidly staged, better even than Mr. Richard Mansfield might have done it, because Mr. Mansfield might have overdone it as he did, or nearly did, in Henry V. Mr. Sothern does not seem to be insistent upon his dominating the stage when he should not. He does not push his part unduly. There is no point at which he falls into rant. There is no opportunity for any of his company that he does not give over to those members when their time comes. There is always a sense in the beholder that appreciates in Mr. Sothern as much personal graciousness as actroesque grace of manner.

Miss Loftus was a revelation in the three or four chances accorded her to show her quality. Mr. Wilson's king was a fine piece of work, even if estimated by Irving's acting in the role of that monarch two evenings before. All the tavern brawlers were efficiently portrayed. Fanny Burt made an acceptable Mother Villon, and Suzanne Sheldon's Huguette du Hamel was noticeably affective on two or three occasions. The very smallest parts were well carried in every instance and the play was in every way as good in presenta-tion as it is in literary quality.

The Olympic never housed for a period such a generally satisfactory attraction. It appeals to that better taste that is as often to be found in the gallery as in the parquet. It has a temper and a verve that are finer than those of the usual swashbuckling drama of the day. It is put on consci-entiously by a fine actor who consistently stands by the very best traditions of the stage and drama. No one who cares for a good play well played should miss attending the Olympic this week. W. M. R.

"EBEN HOLDEN."

"Eben Holden," a dramatization of Bacheller's novel, by Edward E. Rose, is the attraction at the Century Theater this week. Like all dramatizations, the play contains some marked flaws, besides being strongly reminiscent of other rural pro-ductions that we have seen in the past, especially of "David Harum."

One of the most objectionable peculiarities of these rural plays is that they give farm-life a forced, unnatural, twisted aspect, and picture the average farmer as a simpleton, oaf and gawk, who does not know how to use his hands, how to talk, and when and how to laugh.

Notwithstanding some artificiality, clown-ish features and, at times, exasperating



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stupidity on the part of a few characters, "Eben Holden" is entertaining and should be a success. Once in a while, it comes dangerously close to bathos and absurdity, only for a moment. It is always saved from the danger by the skill of Mr. E. M. Holland, able-actor.

The plot is well-known, of course. Didn't 98,742,376 people read the book when it first appeared? The plot is not very ingenious or intricate, yet keeps one in-terested. The second act of the play is, unquestionably, the best and most pleasing. It was vigorously applauded Monday night. It gives E. M. Holland, as *Eben Holden* and Lucille Flaven, as *Hope Brower*, an oppor-tunity to display their artistic talent, and the opportunity, one admiringly admits, is amply utilized by both. The way in which Miss Flaven is voicing her anger and her "hatred" of the stupid and suspected lover is inimitable. She is of charmingly girlish appearance and makes a splendid impres-sion. Her voice is sweet and refreshing, and her impersonation very able and con-scientious. She is one of the most redeem-ing features of the show. A few years hence, she may be expected to appear in more ambitious roles, and that with equal success. Mr. Holland's work deserves the unstinted praise it always deserves in any old play that is thrown around him. He is a talented actor and carefully refrains from overdoing his part. He is probably at his best when showing his delight over the success of his plan to make the lovers find each other. Mr. Holland is such a good actor every second he's on the boards that one wonders why he isn't furnished with better material to work in.

The *William Brower*, of Earle Ryder, is not so satisfactory. The actor is too stiff, too theatrical, too Mantellian. J. H. Brad-bury is an excellent *Tip Taylor* and the prin-cipal fun-maker. Richard Nesmith, as *Nick Goodall*, is a superfluity; one cannot see the necessity for such a character in the drama.

Scenic effects are first-class in every re-spect. "Eben Holden" ought to be well pat-ronized by St. Louis theater-goers—not for its own sake, but for the sake of about three actors who "know their business" down to the quiver of an eyelash. F. A. H.

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COMING ATTRACTIONS.

Beginning Sunday, January 19th, the patrons of the Olympic theater will be entertained by the inimitable comedian, Frank Daniels. Mr. Daniels comes direct from an unusually success-ful run in Philadelphia. "Miss Simplicity" is the medium chosen through which the actor will exploit his peculiar, picturesque talents.

William Collier, one of the cleverest comedians on the American stage, will appear at the Cen-tury theater, beginning Sunday, January 19th, in his latest success, written by Augustus Thomas, "On the Quiet." Mr. Collier "made good," in New York with this play for a six months' run. He also made a big hit here last year.

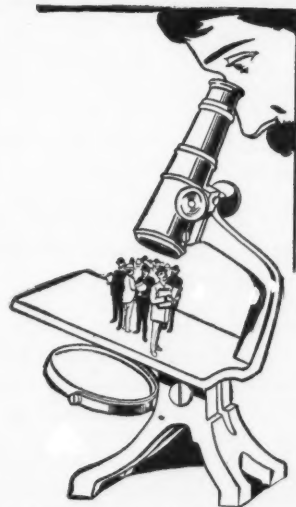
The Union Musical Club of St. Louis an-nounces, as one of the regular numbers of its series of concerts, a song recital by Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink, for Monday even-ing, January 27th. The celebrated contralto will be heard at the Odeon. This will be Mme. Schumann-Heink's first appearance in St. Louis, in a public song recital.

The performance at the Standard, this week, is unusually entertaining. One of the cleverest acts on the programme was Harry Seebach's bag punching exhibition. Lester Wilson and John Lawson do a sensational "turn" in "the cycle whirl." Thomas Leo and Jessie Chapman, in a gymnastic sketch; the Spencer brothers, Irish comedians; Nelly Hanley, in illustrated songs; and the Revere sisters are other good features. Next week, the "20th Century Maids."

Nightly, gay coteries of young people disport themselves gliding over the smooth surface of the artificial ice pond at the Ice Palace. The palace is on Channing and Cook avenues.

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It is a curious fact that the present session of Congress contains no negro member. With the exception of a brief period from 1887 to 1889, this is the first session in thirty-two years when this has been the case. The first colored man to be sent to Congress was J. Willis Menard, of New Orleans, who was elected to fill a vacancy in 1868. In 1870 Hiram R. Revels took his seat in the Senate, the first negro to be seated in that body. Blanche K. Bruce was the only other negro to enter the Senate.



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The Forty-Fourth Congress, which sat from 1875 to 1877, may be called the black Con-gress, since there were eight members in both branches.

A PRACTICAL VIEW—*Struggling Pastor*: "The collections have fallen off terribly." *Practical Wife*: "It's that new vestryman who passes the plate; he never watches what people put in."—*New York Weekly*.

MARRIAGE NOT A FAILURE—*Old Friend*: "Was your daughter's marriage a success?" *Hostess*: "Oh, a great success. She's traveling in Europe on the alimony."—*New York Weekly*.

THE ULTRA FASHIONABLES.

BY C. W. DE LYON NICHOLS, PH. D.

[Dr. Nichols, the writer of this article, taken from the New York Independent, of Jan. 9, is the author of "The Greek Madonna" and "The Decadents," both novels of the ultra-fashionable set, that were widely read in this country and Europe when they appeared a few years ago. He is himself a member of society and a familiar figure at Newport for many seasons.—EDITOR.]

Strange to narrate, in our free, democratic United States, almost within a decade, there has sprung up an exclusive social caste as valid at certain European courts as an hereditary titled aristocracy—a powerful class of fashionable multi-millionaires who at their present ratio of ascendancy bid fair, in time, well nigh to patronize royalty itself. The approaching relations of this ultra-fashionable set to the new social administration at the White House and the consequent innovation there of large private receptions by card interspersed among its official levees are already stirring up one of the mooted little questions in political circles, as well as among the leaders of the so-called *haut monde*.

This all-powerful social trust, the ultra-fashionable set in American society, means in reality a combine of not more than four hundred families scattered through a very restricted number of cities of the republic. New York City, notably Newport New York, contributes a large quota of these coroneted families of the Republic; Washington, half a dozen to a dozen in the winter season, not inclusive of the diplomats, who are decreed by fashion *personæ græ* the world over; Boston and Philadelphia, three or four families each, perhaps; Baltimore, four; San Francisco, three; Virginia, one; Chicago, two; Providence, four; North Carolina, one; South Carolina, one, and the entire State of Connecticut only two, and these practically summer residents from New York, of whom one family has not for two seasons occupied its hereditary Fairfield County villa, built Italian fashion, with stiff, formal flower gardens; and the territorial prestige of having the other of these families as denizens is laid claim to by two rival summer colonies, Greenwich and Stamford.

The principal ingredient entering into the composition of this big social trust is wealth; still, some of the most opulent families on its lengthy waiting lists will not be deemed acceptable as members without undergoing a tedious apprenticeship, with a possibility of repeated failure. A family equipped merely with unabsorbed riches needs to get into its second generation on as short notice as possible. In the meanwhile, it may be found imperative for its members to forsake fatherland and kindred and become wanderers over the face of the earth, especially that insular section of the globe, laid down on the maps as England, before these aspirants can be adjudged presentable to the one and only smart set of their native Republic. Across the Atlantic Ocean, via London, is a rather circuitous route from New York to Newport!

That Newport and Newport-New York society is the most difficult of *entree* of any on either side of the Atlantic is now almost a truism to observe, the element of caprice in its standards rendering its requirements puzzling. Known to any *habitué* of Newport is a whole group of families of national repute who have been serving a probation for years at Newport without being able to penetrate more than half way into the inner

circle, although aided and abetted by millions in hard cash.

With reference to wealth as a *cachet*, paradoxical as it may seem, in this social exclusiveness we are describing, families are moving whose total assets of this world's goods and chattels, would not foot up to half a million dollars, but the majority of these exceptional instances, in the last analysis are found to consist either of celebrated colonial houses which have had wealth enough transmitted all along to keep fashionable, or of persons related to powerful multi-millionaires of the new order who have already crossed society's Rubicon without having fallen victims to that peculiar form of ossification diagnosed, in Newport, as the "marble heart."

However, the abstract fact of blood relationship, nowadays, signifies little with clans of plutocrats imbued with scarcely any real family spirit. As a social leader remarked to me the other day: "In New York and Newport you can no longer ram one person down another person's throat because he or she chances to be a relation." Furthermore, both of these somewhat anomalous members of the smart set—the old family struggling to keep above ground and the parasite relation of the *nouveau riche*—stand in almost hourly danger of being submerged by rival accumulations of wealth. So a kinswoman in moderate circumstances, a short time ago, bewailed her fate in adverting to one of the most fashionable and exclusive entertainments given in the annals of the metropolis: "I never felt so utterly alone in the world as I did at my aunt's ball."

Wealth, then, allied to a certain chain of fortuitous aids, such, for example, as a big business deal benefiting one or more votaries of the ultra-fashionable set, or a fortunate marriage, or a brilliant trans-Atlantic social career, meteoric though it may be, form some of the stepping-stones to social preferment. But these adjuncts to wealth, as the main entering wedge, it must be reiterated, are capricious in their effects, at times making Cassandras of all social prophetesses. A woman may, for instance, be blackballed from admission into the smart set solely for the reason of her moral character's falling short of the degree of rectitude exacted, while within the charmed circle itself several cynosures, with equally as *risqué* a past, or present for that matter, may be disporting themselves amid at least the virtual plaudits of the ultra-fashionable.

But charity covers a multitude of sins, and many of our noblest charities are fostered by patronesses from the ranks of the smart set in society; and this same much praised and lampooned coterie, although in their country-house life they depend upon house parties from a distance and have practically nothing to do with "neighbors," often head subscription lists for charities or public improvements in those localities.

Although a limited few may use charities and church activity as a cloak for immorality, still one must not overlook the fact that in the ranks of the immortal four hundred families, of which we are essaying a pen picture, the majority are persons of conservative morals and unaffected good churchmanship. How this safe, conservative body of individuals is able to reconcile the discrepancies in conduct of the rapid and dissipated segment of the smart set affords one of the most delicate and baffling problems in causistry of the opening of the twentieth century.

Such a generalization or definition of the big social trust as the caption of our article says down would not have been possible ten

THE STANDARD

THIS WEEK

The Merry Maidens.

NEXT WEEK

Twentieth Century Maids.

years ago, because it would have been split up into the disjointed social sets of various cities. But within a decade New York has been making prodigious strides in absorbing the individuality of the other cities of the Union and drawing their representative people to the metropolis, at least during the gay portion of the season; and what is not accomplished in that way in town is achieved by Newport, New York's summer Mecca. The rich, untamed Westerner is descending upon us as the Huns and Goths descended upon the mistress of the ancient world.

The contrast in manners, dress and conversation between a New Yorker and a denizen of a provincial city like Boston, or Philadelphia, or Chicago, for instance, has become as pronounced as that between a Parisian and a person coming from the provinces in any of Balzac's novels, or in real life. The faces of our good Americans from the provinces discharge themselves of expression somewhat, upon entering the Waldorf-Astoria for the first time; they feel a little heady, and those people who have been the most important and overbearing dictators in their own towns weaken the most when the metropolis has really struck them. And as to the ultra-fashionable set, of which they have heard so much, it is to them an unique and distinct creation of Almighty God, or the devil—they are perplexed to know which—for they seldom get further than the oracles of the newspapers or *Town Topics* in dissection of these illuminati themselves.

The protest, on the other hand, that a family does not care for society, which is sometimes set up as a cheap defense, can seldom be relied upon as true, for the average American multi-millionaire, if possessed of a modicum of social talent and a predilection for society, does not rest content until he has gone to Newport to be crowned, to London to have the coronation confirmed, and perhaps to bring back a real live title in the shape of a son-in-law, later, perhaps, to have the family arms further blazoned by an international divorce suit.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger, the novelist *par excellence* of the American ultra-fashionable set, says in "Poppæa," that by the socially ambitious even corpses will be used as stepping-stones. To such indefatigable aspirants with American shekels to incinerate, London and Rome offer great emoluments. Let a multi-millionaire family from the States, not sufficiently well placed, go to Rome for the Winter, not failing to stop at the Grand Hotel, the resort of the smart set, in the Eternal City. Certain Americans of that category will not go down to Egypt for the winter—they may have heard a rumor of the plague—and need to be amused in Rome, and are consequently ready to unbend. Seize your opportunity. If an Episcopalian, be sure to make the acquaintance of the rector of the American Church in the Via Nazionale; dine him and give liberally to his parish. Offer incense to your Ambassador, for more of the American smart set

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attend an Ambassador's receptions in Rome, where there is less going on, than in other cities; but do not ask him for a court presentation, unless sure of your ground, for he is allowed only six of these in a year. Get introduced at the Palestra on the Quirinal Hill; cultivate, above all, the hunting set. Lay siege to the palace of Hayward, the honorary Papal Chamberlain, who receives groups of smart Americans in great state, regardless of creed. But in the main, affiliate with the Whites instead of the Blacks, for the exclusive American coterie who tarry in Rome, as well as those who stay at home, are nearly all Episcopalians and side with the Quirinal against the Vatican. Even a personal audience with the Sovereign Pontiff himself will not further your social campaign in the least; an hour passed at a levee, at Honorary Papal Chamberlain Hayward's palace will accomplish manifold more. If you have prodigious sums of money to spend, you might hand over a check to the King of Italy to have the carnival on the Corso restored that season; or should you chance to be a Catholic, you might donate to his Holiness Leo XIII an amount sufficient to gild the dome of St. Peter's. Either of these investments would make one talked about throughout Europe and positively assure social success abroad.

On the return trip from the grand tour stop over at Paris as a sort of way station, and do a good deal of shopping, but bear in mind the Faubourg St. Germain is not bought with a price like Mayfair and Piccadilly. Push on to London for serious work, and in order that you and your family may play the role of the climbers with success, adopt, above all, the tone of the commercial spirit. If the family tree at home be ridiculously insignificant, stand firmly in your shoes, for in that respect all Americans are equally ignoble in the eyes of the English. But avoid and shake from yourselves as vipers "detrimental" Americans. The society reporters can tell you in a jiffy who they are. Don't waste time hunting for returns from hospitality extended to Englishmen in America, but study how you yourself can subserve some influential Britisher's present needs.

Put an advertisement in the newspapers, if the desideratum can't be obtained by other means, offering handsome remuneration for the services of a reduced woman of title, but of exalted social position, as a coach in the proprieties for your wife and daughter, and in return for the benefit to accrue from her visiting list. Entertain lavishly; you are supposed to be stopping at Claridge's and not at the Cecil. Put yourself in the way of assisting more of the nobility. Go into partnership in some sort of business with them, if necessary. Your compatriots will have less to do with you in London than in Rome—it is nearer home. But say nothing; go ahead and outshine them; astonish them with the list of nobility present at your dinners. Give out checks right and left to English newspaper reporters, and, above all, to American journalistic correspondents, if they will accept of them. Send in to headquarters a subscription to help along the war in the Transvaal.

Should any Englishman have the bluntness to give vent to surprise at your not knowing certain fashionable New Yorkers in London, assure him your family has been in mourning for years and years, and your wife an invalid the rest of the time. As you are extremely wealthy and entertaining galore, your Ambassador may at length succumb to a Court presentation. The late Queen Victoria's favorite godson, the son-in-

law of a famous Earl, whom I recently visited at Windsor Forest, owing to ties of family connection, told me that "an era of unprecedented extravagance had set in of late in English high society." Now this state of things is directly due to the social invitations and habits of the American plutocrat; so much the more powerful incentive he has, then, for storming Newport by first capturing London.

Upon your return to the States, in a quiet way, yourself and family must apparently be sighing with Alexander the Great that there are no more worlds left to conquer. To divest this mental attitude of yours of figures of speech, you must impress your compatriots by your manner that you have nothing either to gain or lose socially. But in reality you have a *coup d'état* to perform—a court presentation to secure fully as difficult as a European one—not at the White House, but at Astor Court. Not to have dined at the Astors' virtually debars one from any sort of leadership in the exclusive set, to say nothing of social registration among the one hundred and fifty conscript families of the new Republic's Almanach de Gotha. Even for enrolment among the Nation's four hundred elect families, before adverted to, one must, at least, have received an invitation to an Astor ball. It would be far from the truth and an act of rank injustice, even to intimate that the Astor family in any way caters to leadership or swaying of scepters of any sort. At the same time this exalted position is accorded them by both the tacit acclamation and etiquette of the combined social trust of the United States. Two houses have existed in New York City, with corresponding cottages at Newport, which have practically been resorted to as the paradise of social climbers. The one of these is extinct; the other, both in town and at Newport, decidedly on the wane—that is, less and less frequented by the smart set. So that aspirants for the higher social honors will now have to resort to the methods of lavish display and business tact and *finesse* prescribed for the London campaign. Better by far than any of these other manoeuvres is a marriage outright into the exclusive set, which every now and then can be effected for a sufficient price. This a *fait accompli*, the other members of one's family can gradually be introduced, provided they are willing to enter into the thralldom. When safely arrived within the outer circle of the innermost elect, your social sponsor, as likely as not, will insist on naming your entire list of guests for your entertainments, thus cutting off a score of intimate friends, perchance relatives, who have borne you upon their shoulders in the upward ascent. The dictates of harsh, unfeeling policy may compel you to throw them overboard permanently. Conscience berates you for ingratitude, but your mortified self-love does not exactly relish having these props and crutches, upon which you have leaned in the day of struggle, too plainly in sight of the new friends for whom you have bartered your independence.

In this new world, where like things are unlike, the portrait painter is seen to take precedence far above the man of letters. Scarcely anyone in the smart set can write books without losing caste. Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger is almost the only ultra-fashionable woman who has been able to do so without peril of social ostracism. The average American society man, unlike the English nobleman whom he apes, has not sufficient education to converse with the eminent specialist or man of letters and does not want him around. He classes authors with the

Just Published.

The Imitator

An Anonymous Novel



HIS novel ran its course serially in the *Mirror* during the summer months of last year, attracting much attention because of the supreme cleverness of its style.

The novel is a very biting satire upon some of the follies of swell society, literary pretenders and theatrical celebrities.

Certain of its characters have been identified by those familiar with the Four Hundred, with contemporary letters and the drama as being mercilessly drawn after originals in the fields mentioned. Some affect to believe that the author has X-rayed in this book the character of the peculiar Harry Lehr, of the affable dilettante, Hobart Chatfield Chatfield-Taylor, of the strenuously different Richard Mansfield, but the reading public must determine that for itself.

The work is full of sound and brilliant criticism of life, music, art, letters, and some of the chapters in which the love story is developed are distinctly precious in treatment.

"THE IMITATOR" is a valuable "human document" showing the gayer world at its high tide of folly in the first year of the Twentieth Century.

PRICE \$1.25.

WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Publisher,

The "Mirror," Ozark Building

SAINT LOUIS MO.

penny a-liner who writes personal and often satirical notes for the yellow journals, or with the society reporter whom he orders his servants to leave standing in the hall.

Ultra-fashionable life, to one who has not participated in its gayeties, might seem like a tissue of artificiality, but it is glaringly consistent, often surprising one by its naturalness and spontaneity. Still its devotees are hedged in by certain fixed conventionalities. One's visiting list must be rigidly revised from season to season, persons too much given to introducing new people must be dropped. In scanning the patron list of a charity the burden of inquiry must be who is on the roster, not particularly what are the merits of the philanthropy. Attendance at receptions and sending out cards for "days at home," must be generally tabooed, for to be seen much at the former is apt to imply that one has few dinner invitations, and this whole form of social entertainment is liable to expose one to meeting *hors polloi* of society. In going to the opera nearly the whole of the first act must be cut, for fear suspicion may be aroused that one has not dined elaborately. Evening calling and receiving of calls must be abolished, for going to the opera, giving a dinner or dining out is the *de rigueur* programme for practically every night during the season in town.

The worst drawback to American high life of this type is the alarming prevalence of divorce. If a more highly developed degree of hereditary family pride restrained conduct, it might have a tendency to lessen the number of cases in which the law is invoked to terminate conjugal woes. A well-born Englishman or Frenchman will become a paragon of long suffering before consenting to the family name's being handed down tarnished by a divorce. The social attitude of one or two of our more lax prelates towards persons divorced on the old time statutory grounds has furnished lampoons for various London periodicals.

In England the clergy of the Established Church is classed with the nobility, the bishops being Lord Bishops. With the American smart set, however increasingly English its social *convenances* from season to season, this old Anglican idea about the clergy, which obtained under the *régime* of the old Knickerbocker families, is rapidly disappearing. The increasing gayety of certain forms of social diversion tends toward making the presence of a member of the cloth at times hardly agreeable, and fewer of this somewhat lugubrious calling are bidden even to the dinners than of old. Like the relations of the physician to this stratum of our most highly organized society, those of the clergy are becoming more and more official and mechanical, so to speak—that is, to consist of burying, performing marriages and officiating at public services. But with hostesses powerfully affected with Anglomania the clergyman takes precedence before the physician socially.

Of titles purely ecclesiastical, although conferred only upon perpetual celibates, that of monsignor has always had a peculiar fascination for Newport hostesses, outclassing that of bishops, although few entertainers understand precisely what the title of monsignor means. But if certain of the smart set are mentally a bit hazy as to the spiritual province of monsignors, they have risen up in arms *en masse* on one point—they will no longer tolerate stupid sermons from any clergyman because his grandmother was a Van Rensselaer or his mother a Stuyvesant. One of Newport's gayest leaders,

in company with her husband, systematically and habitually walked out of her metropolitan parish church during the singing of the hymn before the rector's dull sermon. The clergyman soon discovered it to be his bounden duty to accept a bishopric. The theological decrees of fashion are sometimes final!

METHODIST WOMEN'S VICTORY.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

The decision of the Methodist Episcopal Church making women eligible to seats in the General Conference has been hailed with almost universal satisfaction. The press comments show a pretty general conviction that the step was inevitable, and was in fact only a simple matter of justice and common sense. The wide-spread public approval is a strong testimony to the love of fair play inherent in the American people.

This victory will also add an impetus to the growing movement that seeks to give women equal opportunities in the State as well as in the church. Every argument that can be urged against letting a woman vote applies with tenfold force against letting her be a delegate to the General Conference. Is it said that she would be exposed to too much excitement? Religious controversies are notoriously hotter and more bitter than political ones. Is it said that she would be brought into too great publicity? The casting of a simple ballot does not require a tithe of the publicity involved in taking part as a delegate in a great ecclesiastical assembly. Is it urged that she would have to give too much time? A woman who attends the General Conference may have to spend weeks away from home; whereas, she could cast her ballot in half an hour.

It is worthy of note that the men who have fought most stubbornly against equal rights for women in the General Conference are all of them, like Dr. Buckley, opposed also to equal rights for women at the ballot box. A defeat for them at one point presages their ultimate defeat all along the lines.

The vote was overwhelming. Out of 120 conferences that voted on the question, only 20 voted against the women. Of these twenty, all but four were German, Swiss or Danish. The four were Baltimore, New York East (Dr. Buckley's conference),

Southern California and Washington. Fourteen conferences recorded themselves in favor of the women by a unanimous vote.

Ethel C. Avery.

NO TELEPHONE SALE.

A paragraph in last week's issue of the MIRROR announced, upon presumably good authority, the practical completion of negotiations for a merger of the Bell and Kinloch telephone companies in this city.

The information, according to the positive, not to say emphatic, assurances of Mr. Reber, Secretary of the Kinloch concern, is not true. He says that not only are the negotiations not practically completed, but there are and there have been no negotiations that the Kinloch company is aware of.

Mr. Reber's assurances are so strong and so authoritatively so, that the MIRROR is constrained to accept them and to express regret for its own and its informant's mistake.

WORK.

"Well," Morris Cleburn said, as he entered the door of his home one day, "I can't get work. A man has no chance these days. I was talkin' it over with Hill jist now, an' he says it's the same with him. No job nowhere!"

Mrs. Cleburn looked up from her ironing.

"I find plenty to do," she said, quietly.

"Oh, yes, you women hev things all your own way, anyhow. As Hill sez—"

"Where did you see him—in the saloon?"

Mr. Cleburn was annoyed.

"Why, yes. I jist dropped in there as I was passin' to speak to a man that owed me. There wasn't no harm in that, was there?"

"No. Did he pay you?"

"Yes, of course he did."

"Where is the money?"

"Money? Oh, yes. I—I've got it here in—"

Mr. Cleburn made a fine show of searching in his pockets and then exclaimed:

"I've been robbed! I had that money right here when—"

Mrs. Cleburn looked up resignedly.

"When you went up to the bar to settle the labor problem with Hill? Well, don't look for it. The children and I can go

WASHABLE FABRICS. Newest styles for the Seasons of 1902.

Many of them direct from the manufacturers of France, England, Scotland and Germany, have been added to stock during the past week, and the styles and colors are far more complete than is usual at this time of the year. The assortment includes confined patterns that cannot be found elsewhere.

Mersileen,
Embroidered Batiste,
Irish Dimity,
Embroidered Pique,
Linen Canvas,

Silk Cheviot,
Embroidered Swiss,
Hemstitched Pique,
Mercerized Madras,
Oxford Cloth,

Appret Similise,
Silk Grass Linen,
Swiss Imprime,
Linen Madras,
Crepes.

EMBROIDERED ROBES,

of Mercerized Batiste and Silk Grass Linen—all-over patterns with borders of Embroidery and inlaid tucks.

Scruggs, Vandervoort & Barney

DRY GOODS COMPANY.

without supper another night, I guess. Where are you going?"

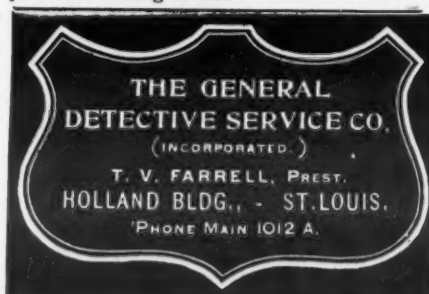
Mr. Cleburn was starting toward the door. "Goin'?" he asked, more in sorrow than in anger. "I'm goin' where I can have some peace. There don't seem to be any of it here. 'A pleasant fireside,' as Hill says, 'is the greatest blessin' a workin' man can know.' But I hain't got one. I hain't got one."

He struck the door, as he had seen the play actor strike the flimsy canvas on the stage, and went back to the saloon. And Mary Cleburn smiled, as women do, above dead hope, dead love, and dead respect—and went on with her ironing.—*Chicago Journal.*

SPANISH AMERICAN CLUB.

The Spanish American Club will give an entertainment and reception, with the co-operation of the Mendelssohn Musical Society, in the Odeon recital hall, Monday evening, January 21st. There will be some interesting addresses by prominent citizens. The Spanish American Club, with rooms at 3648 Page boulevard, has for its object the entertainment of Spanish American visitors, especially during the World's Fair period. It aims also to promote the study of the Spanish language as a means of promoting St. Louis interests in the Latin American countries, co-operating in this respect with all other local trade organizations. The club now has seventy-five members, ladies and gentlemen. The officers are: August Boette, President; Henry Guentz, Secretary; Ernst B. Filsinger, Vice-President; August Gerling, Treasurer.

Mrs. Bingo: "You must be careful what you say to the cook dear, or she will leave." Bingo: "Why, was I hard on her?" "Were you? Why, anyone would have thought you were talking to me!"



REPRINTED BY REQUEST.

GADDERIN' DEM IN.

De massa ob de sheepfol'
 Dat guard the sheepfol' bin,
 Look out in de gloomerin' meadows
 Whar de long night rain begin—
 So he call de hirelin' shepa'd:
 "Is my sheep, is dey all come in?"
 Oh, den says de hirelin' shepa'd,
 Dess some deys black and thin,
 And some deys po'ol' wedda's,
 But de res' deys all brung in.
 But de res' deys all brung in.
 Den de massa of the sheepfol',
 Dat guard de sheepfol' bin,
 Goes down in de gloomerin' meadows,
 Whar de long night rain begin—
 So he let down de ba's ob de sheepfol',
 Callin' sof': "Come in, come in."
 Callin' sof': "Come in, come in."

Den up t'ro' de gloomerin' meadows,
 T'ro' de col' night rain and win',
 And up t'ro' de gloomerin' rain-paf
 Whar de sleet fa' piercin' thin,
 De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol',
 Dey all comes gadderin' in;
 De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol',
 Dey all comes gadderin' in.

—Sally Pratt McLean Green.

THE PRIMROSE WAY.

(Lines to Will H. Low.)

Youth now flees on feathered foot,
 Faint and fainter sounds the flute,
 Rarer songs of gods; and still
 Somewhere on the sunny hill,
 Or along the winding stream,
 Through the willows flits a dream;
 Flits but shows a smiling face,
 Flees but with so quaint a grace,
 None can choose to stay at home,
 All must follow, all must roam.

This is unborn beauty; she
 Now in air floats high and free,
 Takes the sun and breaks the blue;
 Late the stooping pinion flew
 Raking hedgerow trees, and wet
 Her wings in silver streams, and set
 Shining foot on temple roof;
 Coasting mountain clouds and kiss't
 By the evening's amethyst.

In wet woods and miry lane,
 Still we pant and pound in vain;
 Still with leaden foot we chase
 Waning pinion, fainting face;
 Still with gray hair we stumble on,
 Till, behold, the vision gone.
 Where hath fleeting beauty led?
 To the doorway of the dead.
 Life is over, life was gay;
 We have come the primrose way.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

"IF YOU LOVE ME TELL ME SO."

Eager lips grow oft so dumb,
 When youth's ardors have departed,
 And alas! too quickly come
 Days when love is hungry-hearted.
 Then, to sweet old memories turning,
 How our tears in secret flow,
 And we long to whisper, yearning,
 "If you love me, tell me so."

Though we doubt not, deep within,
 Still that wistful pain besets us,
 And we wonder—is it sin?—
 If the worshiped one forgets us.
 Oh, for one dear little token,
 Fragrant of the long ago,

One endearment, acted, spoken!—
 "If you love me, tell me so."

Why, Oh dearest, put away
 All love's tenderness and sweetness?
 These should be the same for aye,
 As love grows to its completeness.
 Spare not, then, the old caresses:
 Sweeter every year they grow,
 Ah! the thrill of lips on tresses!
 "If you love me, tell me so."

Tell me so by day and night,
 And forever, knowing, surely,
 Ne'er the fount of love's delight
 Overbrimmed it, welling purely.
 Dear, ah, deep the wells of loving!
 Out of God's own heart they flow,
 Living wells, for ever moving—
 "If you love me, tell me so."

AMERICAN RAILROADS.

At the close of the Civil War there were 35,000 miles of railroad in the United States, of which 4,200 were in Ohio, 3,000 in Illinois, 2,900 in Pennsylvania, 2,700 in New York, 2,100 in Indiana, and 1,400 in Georgia.

There was at that time less than fifty miles of railroad each in Michigan and Oregon, less than 100 miles each in California and Arkansas, less than fifty miles in Kansas and less than 500 in Texas.

The present length of American railroads is 190,000 miles and four States have among them more railroad mileage than the whole country had at the close of the Civil War.

These four States are Illinois, the railroad mileage of which is 10,800, Pennsylvania, with 10,200, Texas with 10,000 and Ohio with 8,800 miles.

Kansas has now a railroad mileage of 8,800—600 miles more than the State of New York. Oregon, from a very small beginning, has 1,600 but falls behind other Pacific Coast States in that respect, California having 5,500 and Washington 3,000.

Only two States of the Union have less than 500 miles of railroad, Delaware with 351, and Rhode Island with 225. Minnesota has 6,500 and Wisconsin the same.

Vermont and Nevada, the former a small State with a large population, the latter a large State with a small population, have less than 1,000 miles of railroad each, and Oklahoma, with 750 miles, is far in advance of the District of Columbia with only 30.

Railroad building in the United States has been somewhat suspended in very recent years, except as a means of extending existing lines or of building spurs of feeders to them. In the celerity and cheapening of railroad building the United States stands at the head of all countries. In 1901 4,518 miles of railways were built.

Mr. Chas. A. Waugh, thirty years with the E. Jaccard Jewelry Co., has installed and is now in charge of an up-to-date stationery department at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, 7th and Locust street.

A FEW YEARS HENCE—"Anything going on this evening?" "Yes; there's to be a performance at the Athletic Gardens. A fellow will undertake to subdue an automobile that has a record of having killed six men. He's to do it in one hour or forfeit a thousand dollars."—Chicago Tribune.

A very unique wedding gift, shown at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., in the Mercantile Club Building, at 7th and Locust streets, is an anniversary clock that runs 400 days with one winding.

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HIS BIRTHMARK.

The other day a well-known scunder, somewhat the worse for a discolored eye, walked into a downtown bar-room, where he met a number of his friends.

"Hello, Jim," exclaimed one of the men at the bar, "what's the matter with your eye? Been getting into trouble?"

"Oh, no," replied the man, "that's a birthmark."

"A birthmark!" said the first speaker in

surprise, "you did not have it a few days ago. How do you account for a birthmark appearing at this time of life?"

"Well," answered Jim, by way of explanation, "it's like this: You see, I went down to Chicago on the boat the other day, and on the way back I got into the wrong berth."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

He: "She always calls things by their right names." She: "What horrible name did she call you?"—Yonkers Statesman.

MISSOURI A MARINE STATE.

"I was down at Newport News to see the naming of the *Missouri*," said a traveler in New York, from the Black Snake Hills of St. Joe, Mo. "First time I ever saw anything of that kind.

"Missourians naturally feel proud over the naming of a warship for the old State. I went all the way to Newport News to see the ceremony.

"I suppose in these days of warship building, the name cuts no figure so far as the ship's fighting ability is concerned. But you can bet your boots, no matter what they cost, that the warship which carries the name 'Missouri' will never be a hoodoo in the navy.

"There was a time when a Missouri man had no show in society unless some member of his family had captained a steamboat. I'll tell you a story.

"One of the first millionaires in north-west Missouri was Bill Carter. He made the first prairie ploughs that ever broke sod west of the Mississippi. Carter was a bachelor and wanted to get into the Kentucky-Virginia society which clustered about St. Joe. But the aristocracy gave Bill what you Eastern people call the frosty mitt and the polar stare.

"Bill went to Pittsburg and bought an old steamboat which had done service on the Monongahela as the *Gen. Gaines*. He took her down the Ohio, up the Mississippi to St. Louis and up the Missouri to St. Joe. It took time to make the voyage.

"That was part of Bill Carter's game. He just loafed up all the way, and the newspapers in the river towns printed columns about him and his boat. That was what he was after.

"When he got as far as Weston, a town between which and St. Joe there was a daily line of stages, Bill left the steamer and went to St. Joe overland. Society was expecting him and received him with open arms. He was Capt. Carter of the *Gen. Gaines*, right away.

"A few days later the *Gen. Gaines* hove in sight around the Cottonwood bend just below town and limped up to the wharf. She was the worst looking tub anybody ever saw. The crew had her bandaged from stem to gudgeon to keep her together. Every time her paddles turned they shipped a plank or something. Soon after that Carter sold her to a company for ferry purposes. She hit a sandbar one day, went high and dry, fell to pieces and the crows built nests in her rusty old machinery.

"Lucky for Bill Carter that he got back to St. Joe before the *Gaines* arrived. He had broke into society, and society couldn't very well go back on him, although it was always hinted that Bill Carter ploughed his way to the front instead of offspringing as most of the St. Joeites did.

"I mention this to show how people in Missouri side-up to anybody interested in water craft. If this warship *Missouri* could cruise our river just once the people would pick her up and carry her on their shoulders all over the State.

"A great big mistake was made when Missouri didn't get more waterfront. Naturally we are a marine people."—N. Y. Sun.

A NEW DEPARTURE ON THE MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Cafe cars, meals a la carte, now being operated on all trains between Kansas City and Pueblo. Service and cuisine the very best.

THE WILFUL WAIST.

Oh, thou marvelous feminine waist!
Thou art greatly a matter of taste,
And one can not divine
Where thy movable line
May within the next season be placed.

In the days of the empire style,
Very high didst thou soar for awhile;
When the fair Josephine
O'er the fashions was queen,
And anatomy bent to her smile.

Then there followed a time when thou didst
Disappear from our sight, for thou hid'st
When the loose Hubbard gowns
Shocked the wild Western towns,
Till we wailed: "Oh! return to our midst!"

And to-day, with a new style of squeeze,
At an angle of fifty degrees,
Thou descendest so fast
That we wonder, aghast,
If thy fall will stop short of the knees!

But the fact is that figures can't lie
(Even though they so craftily try);
So thy line shall be found,
While this world goes around,
When the arm of a lover is nigh.—Puck.

WU'S WOE.

Wu Ting-fang, the Chinese Minister, was confronted for a time the other night with the alternative of missing the New England dinner which he had come from Washington to attend, or appearing in a woman's décolleté silk evening gown instead of his own flowing silk robe.

As a consequence, the guests in the section of the hotel in which Wu was domiciled, heard a choice and picturesque assortment of words in both Chinese and English volleying on the air as if from a rapid-fire gun. For Minister Wu was angry.

The Oriental statesman is exact in all matters of dress. He had brought from Washington his very finest silk outer-garment—one modeled on the same lines as the shirt of the American man. It was his gaily embroidered state robe—a thing of beauty—but it was sadly rumpled as a consequence of its trip to Philadelphia.

So this gorgeous article of apparel was given to the house valet to be pressed, with strict orders to have it ready in time to permit the Minister to make his toilet for the dinner. The package was returned in time. The valet disappeared. So far all was lovely.

The critical moment arrived. The robe was shaken out by Wu. Then he tried to get it on. Something was wrong. He was caught and almost strangled in a whirl of ruffles and chiffon. As he started to take off the queer newfangled thing hooks caught in his queue and held him fast. Then Minister Wu used, it is related, words that are not in any dictionary, American or Chinese.

When disentangled he examined the garment. It was a woman's. That was sure. It was short at the top and long in the skirt. The Minister had seen women wear gowns cut just so. Ordinarily he would have welcomed a chance to examine one of these creations, for he is always an eager seeker after knowledge. But time was pressing. There was small opportunity to ask why. So he rang bells until the hall boys came in droves.

Explosively the guest explained that it was impossible to wear the garment sent



The Second Version of Edward FitzGerald's Translations from Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.

Messrs. Van Vechten & Ellis beg to announce the issue at The Philosopher Press, which is in Wausau, Wisconsin, at The Sign of the Green Pine Tree, of a quarto edition of FitzGerald's Second Version of Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, on L. L. Brown handmade paper, pages 9 1/2 x 12, bordered with an old Persian design, with antique types, printed anopistograph and bound in antique boards, boxed. Price, Five Dollars. They would be glad to send a copy for you to see, upon request, and will pay return charges if you do not care to purchase it.

VAN VECHTEN & ELLIS, Wausau, Wisconsin.

BOOKS

All the late Cloth and Paper Bound Books can be found at . . .

ROEDER'S BOOK STORE, 307 NORTH FOURTH ST.

him. It did not fit. His own must be produced at once. The exchange was made after some delay. With ruffled feelings, but outwardly immaculate, the Minister swept out of the hotel. He failed to explain when making his speech how it chanced that he was late at the New England dinner.—Philadelphia North American.

Mr. Wm. Walsh, founder of the Merrick, Walsh & Phelps Jewelry Co., desires to inform his friends that he is now connected with the J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, 7th and Locust streets.

Mrs. Goodsole: "Why, Johnny, are you just going home now? Your mother's been looking for you all afternoon." Johnny: "Yes'm, I know." Mrs. Goodsole: "Just think now worried she must be." Johnny: "Oh, she's near the end o' her worryin.' I'm jest beginnin' mine."—Philadelphia Press.

HOW HE SQUARED HIMSELF—He (just introduced): "What a very homely person that gentleman near the piano is, Mrs. Black!" She: "Isn't he? That is Mr. Black." He: "How true it is, Mrs. Black, that the homely men always get the prettiest wives!"—Tit-Bits.

PROOF OF SOBRIETY.

In England an officer is court-martialed for being drunk, and everybody will recollect the story of the young officer who was accused of this "crime" and was very nearly got off by his servant. The servant, who was an Irishman, was asked by the court whether his master was sober on the night when he was stated to have been drunk.

"Yes, sir," the servant replied, "he was quite sober."

"How do you know he was sober?"

"Because he asked me to call him early."

This was a convincing answer. But one of the officers of the court-martial, remembering that there was no early parade on the following morning, asked the servant what reason his master gave for wishing to be called early. Without a moment's hesitation the servant replied:

"He said that he was the Queen of the May, sir."

That, of course, concluded the case.—The Candid Friend.

He: "It is a pleasure to meet a woman who has a sense of humor." She: "But really, one doesn't need a sense of humor to laugh at the things you say."—Lye.

THE STOCK MARKET.

There is no end of disappointments for the weary bulls in Wall street. Every other day, an effort is being made to bull the market with a brass band, but without success. The public and enthusiasm are woefully absent, and the bears are unusually vigilant. Easier money rates and satisfactory bank statements fail to attract the public, and that for a very obvious reason—gold exports. Besides this, railroad earnings are less satisfactory and there is some apprehension about the growing winter wheat crop. In the Southwest, there is serious complaint of damage by drought. Iowa and Nebraska are also sending discouraging crop reports. If the winter wheat yield should be materially reduced, we may be prepared to look for interesting developments in Wall street. Of course, it is still a little too early in the season to speak authoritatively regarding this matter, but the danger should not be overlooked altogether. It may loom up in portentous shape before a great while, and then, as some plain-spoken Wall street man said the other day, "there will be hell in stocks."

There never was a time, in the last two years, when sentiment about speculative affairs was as much divided as it is at the present writing. You can hear all sorts of opinions in Wall street nowadays. One old veteran will tell you to buy everything in sight; that stocks are scraping bottom and will soon take a big jump; another one will tell you to sell and keep on selling; that the top has been seen, and that the bottom will soon drop out. And then there is the conservative trader, who will look wise, shrug his shoulders and recommend a policy of masterly inactivity. He is sitting on the fence. By following the conservative's advice you will not have any chance of making money, but you will not lose any, either.

General business conditions are still good, taken as a whole, but some weak spots continue to crop out, as the days pass. Some commodities are slowly receding, and it is to be expected that others will follow. The effects of the corn deficit of last year have not as yet been adequately reflected, but we cannot escape from them much longer. There is a distinct weakness in some branches of the iron and steel industry, and copper shows no rallying power from the lately established low level. Wheat and corn exports continue to decrease, showing lack of foreign demand, and increasing our indebtedness to Europe. The decrease is due, principally, to the high level of values on this side. There will have to be an adjustment in the prices of cereals as well as other things before normal conditions may be expected to be restored again.

Favorable features are the steady increase in bank clearances; easier money rates; a maintenance of confidence in industrial and commercial circles, in spite of the collapse of a few syndicated trusts lately, and slowly improving conditions in Europe. A revival of business enterprise in the leading countries of the Old World would lessen, to some extent, the dangers of bitter competition in the iron and steel industry, and postpone the day of reckoning for some of our inflated trusts. Then there is a resumption of activity, though upon a very moderate scale, in the Transvaal mines, and the prospect of good-sized gold shipments to London and Paris before a great while, which would go a long way towards preventing any undue strain upon monetary re-

sources over there, in connection with the floating of various loans.

That the British government will soon float a new issue of consols is generally conceded, and it is in anticipation of this, that there has been a moderate decline, in the past week, in the British markets, especially in consols. There is some doubt about the ultimate absorption of the new additions to the gold supply of the world. Some authorities predict that the Transvaal gold will, in the end, go into the Imperial Bank of Russia, that institution being anxious to replenish its vaults, after having lost about \$175,000,000 in the last two years. Most of that amount went into the Bank of England. It is a curious fact that the Bank of England now holds more gold than it did at the time of the outbreak of the South African war.

The above is a summary of the most important features of the general situation. Some or all of them will surely exert their influence on our stock exchange prices in the due course of time. Of course, it must not be expected that this influence will be immediate; it may not exert itself for a long time to come. But it must be kept in mind at any rate. The successful speculator is he who looks far ahead, while taking advantage of present or immediate conditions. In the end, the market will be affected by distant results, not by the small tricks and operations of the professional trader. The man who, in 1897, bought stocks at the exceedingly low prices prevailing then, on the assumption that the bottom had been seen and that the swing was upwards again, and persisted in hanging on to them, irrespective of intermediary developments, made the money, made more, indeed, than all the petty speculators who bought and sold hundreds of times, not being capable of sizing up the situation properly and intelligently.

The statement of the United States Steel Corporation, for the last quarter, was a disappointment, inasmuch as it showed a sudden and sharp contraction in earnings for the month of December. The rank and file of traders had looked for a bumper showing, and ran the prices of the preferred and common shares up to about 97 and 47 respectively. The publication of the statement was, however, followed by heavy realizing and selling for short account, the result being a drop to 93½ and 42½. The directors of the company explained the decrease in net earnings for December by vaguely hinting at the close of the navigation season on the lakes and interference with mine operations. This explanation does not explain very well, however. The falling off in net earnings amounts to more than \$2,000,000, compared with the November results. Some attention is being paid to the fact that the management enlarged the amount set aside for betterments and repairs. The earnings of the big trust do not warrant any particular zest in buying its shares; there is a very narrow margin over and above the 4 per cent on the common stock, which would be quickly wiped out by a little drop in prices of steel products or slackening demand.

The Delaware & Hudson Railway Co. put its stock upon a 7 per cent basis again. Bulls had expected an 8 per cent rate, and their disappointment caused a break in value of about 10 points. The directors of the Jersey Central increased the rate from 5 to 8 per cent. This, to a large extent, explains the recent sharp rise in Reading issues. The sharp advance in the dividend rate meets with criticism; it is asserted that it was based on stock-jobbing purposes.

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CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coups.	When Due.	Quoted
Gas Co. 4	J. D.	June 1, 1905	102½-103
Park 6	A. O.	April 1, 1905	109-110
Property (Cur.) 6	A. O.	Apr 10, 1906	110-111
Renewal (Gld) 3.65	J. D.	Jun 25, 1907	102½-103
" 4	A. O.	Apr 10, 1908	104-105½
" 3½	J. D.	Dec., 1909	102½-103
" 3½	J. J.	July 1, 1918	111-112
" 3½	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1919	104-105
" 3½	M. S.	June 2, 1920	104-106
" St'g 100 4	M. N.	Nov. 2, 1911	107-108
" (Gld) 4	M. N.	Nov. 1, 1912	107½-108½
" 4	A. O.	Oct. 1, 1913	107½-110
" 4	J. D.	June 1, 1914	109-110
" 3.65	M. N.	May 1, 1915	104-105
" 3½	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1918	102½-103

Interest to seller.

Total debt about \$18,856,277

Assessment \$352,521,650

ST. JOSEPH MO.

Funding 6	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1903	104½-105½
" 3½	F. A.	Feb. 1, 1921	102-104
School Lib. 4s 10-20	J. & D.	June, 1920	104-106
" 4	A. J.	Apr 1, 1914	104-106
" 4 5-20	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1918	102-103
" 4 10-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	108-105
" 4 15-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	104-105
" 4 10-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	105-106
" 4 10-20	J. D.	July 1, 1919	105-107
" 4 10-20	J. D.	June 1, 1920	104-106
" 3½	J. J.	July 1, 1921	101-103

MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	When Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s	1913	75-80
Carondelet Gas 6s	1902	100-102
Century Building 1st 6s	1916	105½-106½
Century Building 2d 6s	1917	--60
Commercial Building 1st	1907	101-103
Consolidated Coal 6s	1911	95-100
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10	1904	99-101
Kinlock Tel Co. 6s 1st mrtg	1928	106½-106½
Laclede Gas 1st 5s	1919	108½-109
Merchants Bridge 1st mrtg 6s	1929	115½-116
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s	1930	112½-113
Mo. Electric Lt. 2d 6s	1921	117-119
Missouri Edison 1st mrtg 5s	1927	94-94½
St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s	1906	100--
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s	1914	92½-93
St. Louis Cotton Com. 6s	1910	93-95
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s	1912	90-92
St. L. Troy and Eastern Ry. 6s	1919	104-105
Union Dairy 1st 5s	1901	100-101
Union Trust Building 1st 6s	1913	100-104
Union Trust Building 2d 6s	1908	75-80

BANK STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$50	Dec. '01, 8 SA	305-309
Boatmen's	100	Dec. '01, 8½ SA	221-222
Bremen Sav.	100	Jan. 1902 6 SA	263-265
Continental	100	Dec. '01, 4 SA	264-264½
Fourth National	100	Nov. '01, 5p.c. SA	300-303
Franklin	100	Dec. '01, 4 SA	180-190
German Savings	100	Jan. 1902, 6 SA	333-338
German-Amer.	100	Jan. 1902, 20 SA	725-800
International	100	Dec. 1901 1½ qy	155-163
Jefferson	100	Jan. 02, 4p.c. SA	185-195
Lafayette	100	Jan. 1902, 4 SA	525-575
Mechanics' Nat.	100	Dec. 1901, 2 qy	265-268
Merch.-Laclede	100	Dec. 1901, 1½ qy	137-140
Northwestern	100	Jan. 1902 1½ SA	160-170
Nat. Bank Com.	100	Dec. 1901, 2½ qy	228-230
South Side	100	Nov. 1901, 8 SA	125-128
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk	100	Dec. 1901, 8 SA	135-138
Southern com.	100	Jan. 1902, 8 SA	110-115
State National	100	Dec. 1901 8 SA	200-204
Tand National	100	Dec. 1901, 1½ qy	239½-240

*Quoted 100 for par

TRUST STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Cen. Tr. Co.	100		85-186
Colonial	100	Forming.	223-225
Lincoln	100	Sept. '01, 1½ qy	283-283½
Miss. Va.	100	Dec. '01, 2½ qy	441-450
St. Louis	100	Dec. '01, 2 qy	368-370
Title Trust	100	Dec. '01, 1½ qy	145-148
Union	100	Nov. '08, 8	420-424
Mercantile	100	Jan. '02, 1, Mo.	415-416
Missouri Trust	100		174-175
Ger. Trust Co.	100		215-216

STREET RAILWAY STOCKS AND BONDS

	Coupons.	Price.
Cass Av. & F. G.	J. & J.	1912 102½-103
10-20s 5s	J. & J.	1907 109-111
Citizens' 20s 6s	J. & J.	Dec. '88
Jefferson Ave.	M. & N. 2	1905 105-107
10s 5s	F. & A.	1911 109-108½
Lindell 20s 5s	J. & J.	1913 116-116½
Comp. Heights U.D. 6s	J. & J.	1913 116-116½
do Taylor Ave. 6s	J. & J.	1896 105-106
Mo 1st Mtg 5s 5-10s	M. & N.	Dec. '89 50c
People's	J. & D.	1912 98-103
do 1st Mtg. 6s 20s	M. & N.	1902 98-103
do 2d Mtg. 7s	Monthly 2p	100--
St. L. & R. St. L.	J. & J.	1925 103-107
do 1st 6s	M. & N.	1910 100½-101½
St. Louis 1st 5s 5-20s	J. & J.	1913 102-103
do Baden-St. L. 5s	J. & J.	90-100
St. L. & Sub.	F. & A.	1921 105-105½
do Con. 5s	M. & N.	1914 117-120
do Cable & W.L. 6s	M. & N.	1916 115½-115½
do Merimac Rv. 6s	M. & N.	1914
do Incomes 5s	M. & N.	1904 104-106
Southern 1st 6s	F. & A.	1909 106-108
do 2d 25s 6s	J. & D.	1916 107-108
do Gen. Mtg. 5s	J. & D.	1918 121-122
U. D. 25s 6s	Oct. '01 1½	85½-85½
United Ry's Pfd.	J & J	89½-90
4 p.c. 50s	J & J	33½-33½
St. Louis Transit		

INSURANCE STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Cent.	100	July 1901, 4 SA	242-242

MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Lin Oil Com.	100		19-20
" Pfd.	100	Sept. 1900 1½	42-43
Am. Car-Fdry Co	100	Oct. 1901 1½	28-29½
" " Pfd	100	Oct. 1901, 1½ qy	87-88
Bell Telephone	100	Oct. 1901 2 qy	150-160
Bonne Terre F. C.	100	May '96, 2	2-4
Central Lead Co.	100	Dec. 1901, ½ MO	128-133
Consol. Coal	100	Jan. 1902 1	18-21½
Doe Run Min. Co	100	Dec. 1901, ½ MO	128-135
Granite Bi-Metal.	100		287½-290
Hydraulic P. B. Co	100	Nov. 1901, 1	90-100
K. & T. Coal Co.	100	Feb. '99, 1	43-45
Kennard Com.	100	Aug. 1901 A. 10.	110-115
Kennard Pfd.	100	Aug. 1901 SA 3½	112-115
Laclede Gas, com	100	Sept. 1901 2 p. c	90-93
Laclede Gas, pf.	100	Dec. 1901 SA 2½	102-105
Mo. Edison Pfd.	100		51-54
Mo. Edison com.	100		17-18
Nat. Stock Yards	100	Oct. '01 1½ qy	100-101
Schultz Belting	100	Oct. '01, 2 p. c	97-101
Simmons HdW Co	100	Mar., 1901 6 A	166-171
Simmons do pf.	100	Aug. 1901, 3½ SA	139-142
Simmons do 2 pf.	100	Oct. 1901 4 S.A.	140-147
St. Joseph L. Co.	100	Sept. 1901 1½ qy	19-20½
St. L. Brew Pfd.	100	Jan., '00, 2 p. c	46-48½
St. L. Brew. Com.	100	Jan., '99 4 p. c	41-43
St. L. Cot. Comp	100	Sept., '94, 4	5-25
St. L. Exposit'n	100	Dec., '96, 2	13½-15
St. L. Transfer Co	100	Oct. 1901, 1 qy	72-75
Union Dairy	100	Nov., '01, 2 qy	135-145
Wiggins Fer. Co.	100	Oct., '01, 2 qy	220-240
Westhaus Brake	50	June 1901, 7½	175-180
" Coupler		Consolidated	51-52½

For the next week or two, prices will probably display a reactionary tendency, and stocks should be sold on every rally. A genuine bull movement is not in sight, and quiet liquidation is plainly in evidence. A good shake-out would make the position of the market stronger and enliven proceedings considerably.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

Notwithstanding a few sky-rocket performances on the local stock exchange, speculation has quieted down considerably. Demand for stocks is falling off gradually, and the desire to sell is more in evidence. The bulls still proclaim their faith in higher prices and a renewal of the boom, but it seems that they are merely whistling to keep up courage.

A few more trust companies are to be organized. How long is this kind of business to continue? They claim that there is room for several more, and that competition will not hurt any of the older concerns. That may be, but, as we are Missourians, we want to be shown first. "Hot air" talk alone will not convince.

Union Trust and St. Louis Trust gyrated wildly of late, on rumors of a consolidation. The officials remain discreetly silent. There was fairly good selling on the advance, and, at this writing, the agitation in speculative quarters seems to have subsided. For St. Louis Trust 365 is now bid and 368 asked; Union is offered at 422.

The other trust and bank stocks are all lower. Lincoln is selling at 283, Colonial at 221 and Missouri at 174. On the "curb" they are selling and buying Germania and American Central Trust, some of the spring-chickens in the trust yard. Germania is selling at 213 and American Central at 185.

Granite-Bimetallic is quoted at 2.87½ bid, 2.90 asked; the stock had a little advance again lately, but it does not appear to be specially strong.

Missouri-Edison issues are in better demand. The common is selling at 18, and the preferred is quoted around 51. American Central Insurance is offered at 242.

Banks report a good demand for funds. Money rates are maintained at 5 and 6 per cent. Sterling exchange is steady at 4.87½. New York exchange is rising.

The thin flexible card is the latest fashion in calling cards. 100 calling cards and finely engraved plate for \$1.50—100 cards from your own plate for \$1.00. All orders executed in our own factory by expert engravers and printers. Mermod & Jaccard's Broadway and Locust.

Drummer (on Western express): "Your deal. What makes you so nervous?"

Mr. Gotham: "I'm afraid I'll get carried past my station."

"Where do you get off?"

"At Chicago."—New York Weekly.

A GIRL'S TRICKS.

In an article on "Our Foolish Virgins," in which he discusses the life and education of the modern American girl, Eliot Gregory thus describes the existence one of his young friends has arranged for herself, and the ingenious methods by which she enjoys freedom from all cares, and gets a taste of life, without exceeding her meagre allowance. "The girl, who is of spotless respectability," he writes, "lives with a widowed aunt in a tiny apartment somewhere in the upper part of the town, from which altitude she descends, arrayed in dazzling garb, on most fair mornings, in pursuit of her day's sport. After a little shopping, or an hour's inspection of Twenty-Third street windows, she arrives toward one o'clock at the Waldorf, or a kindred hostelry, where she trips about as though looking for some one. As soon as she spots a group of her acquaintances preparing to order luncheon, she floats up to them and asks if they 'have seen Aunt Marie,' which lady, strangely enough, does not materialize. As the girl lingers about their table, or asks—with one of her winning smiles—permission to sit by them until her relative appears, it is an even chance that she achieves her object and is invited to lunch. The little comedy of confusion and annoyance at Aunt Marie's defection is duly played, but the invitation is accepted. As she has always 'forgotten her purse,' a candid offer to share expenses does not count for much. The girl is, however, so gay and entertaining that this little trick, played with variations, provides her with most of her season's luncheons. On leaving her hosts, Una does a picture-gallery or two, or, if she meets a friend of her own ilk, they visit some bachelor painter in his studio. She never does this alone, being careful that no bad marks shall sully the white pages of her class-book. Another favorite amusement is being photographed—when it does not cost anything. In consequence, the walls of half the amateur studios in town are graced with presentments of her dainty figure. This and kindred pastimes fill the hours until five o'clock, when she 'teas' with a woman friend, or drops in at a reception. Thus a day has been cheerfully and economically passed. By seven, when it is quite dark, and there is no further excuse for remaining out, the fair tramp reluctantly mounts an elevated train (her first extravagance,) and returns to the society of the uncomplaining relative, who has passed her day in cutting, turning and re-arranging the girl's fine clothes, or darning the meagre household linen."

NEW AND POPULAR BOOKS.

The History of Sir Richard Calmady, Lucas Malet, \$1.20; Forty Modern Fables, Geo. Ade, \$1.20; Marietta, a Maid of Venice, F. Marion Crawford, \$1.20; Up and Down the Sands of Gold, Mary Devereux, \$1.20; Warwick of the Knobs, John U. Lloyd, \$1.20; Sign of the Prophet, James B. Naylor, \$1.20. Also, a full line of paper novels and magazines. Subscriptions taken for all magazines at JETT'S BOOK STORE, 806 Olive street.

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BOYS' ESSAYS.

That well-worn phrase, "Boys will be boys," appeals to no one more forcibly than the schoolmaster. A teaching experience of twenty years has taught me (says a schoolmaster in the *London Spectator*) that the average boy of to-day, stripped of his little peculiarities and innocent tricks, is a very matter-of-fact mortal indeed; but for downright good nature and honest endeavor to do his best, give me the lad with a spice of mischief in him. Your namby-pamby is less trouble undoubtedly, and a most desirable commodity for the crammer, but now that teaching has become a "science," and not a mere "scramble for results," little is gained by fostering such dispositions. The following sketches, in which I have retained the original spellings and grammatical errors, will, I trust, be recognized as true to fact and nature.

Below are a few of the most amusing examples from their essays:

THE CRUSADES.

The crusades were a body of men, women and children who followed the red cross. They were invented by Richard the I and flocked in thousands round him to go to Egypt and some were stricken with deadly disease but they marched on. Then they began to lessen in number and fell gradually under the burning sands of Egypt and laden heavy with heavy armour. At last Peter the Hermit cited Cairo but the Catholics bore down on him and he retreated. After travelling about for many weary months he joined an opera company and was afterwards buried in Westminster Abbey.

THE CAMEL.

He is called the ship of the desert because he runs over the sand like a ship and dont sink in. He runs different to the horse because he lifts up two legs on one side of his body and then two on the other. He has about a hundred stumics and each holds about a quart so when his master kills him he can have a good drink. His hump is made of fat and he eats this when he cant get grass or hay. Some camels are not camels because he has two humps and his hair dont grow all over him and were it dont is called calluses [callosities] because it kneels down and wears away. The Arab oves his steed better than his wife and in our book theres a piece about him called the Arab and his steed. His master was a prisoner and his faithful camel took him round the waist and bore him swiftly to his morning friends.

SHIPWRECK.

A shipwreck is an awful thing, for sometimes you get wet and sometimes you get dround and sometimes you get burnt but the last is the worst. Once a big lyner got upset with a mortal wound in her side, but all the people was saved bar one and he got eat. Sharks and whales feed on dead bodies and sometimes they eat them alive. We should never eat fish what eat us because their canyals just like savages. Sailors catch sharks with a leg of pork and a thick string which they cut up for whalebone bone and blubber to make train oil.

PLEASURE.

Pleasure is doing what you like but we ont get much pleasure except in drawing

lesson and when teacher has the face ake then we can do what we like. Last week I went to the fair. This was pleasure and I got very wet and dirty and mother called me a little pig but I went to bed before father come home. Boys and girls dont get much pleasure till they get men then they smoke and do what they like. My father goes were he likes unless mothers angry then he stays at home.

MARRIAGE.

Marriage is a lottery my mother says so and I shall never get married. Fathers been married to my mother twentysix years and last year they had a silver wedding, this means they get married again to make sure. If they live long enough he's going to have a gold one. My fathers only got one wife, but the Morgans (Mormons) have hundreds. I dont want such a lot of mothers because you catch plenty of wackings and our teacher told us that Mr. Bocken

(Bacon) said those who have lots of wives and little boys give hosts to fortune but I dont know what this means.

WATER.

It is a liquid so is beer and milk but the first is called a licker because its adultrated that is sugar and hops are added. Water is very useful, ships float on it and men and boys swim in it, we also drink it and in the summer boys use it to wash their faces. Sea water is salt and is useful for all kinds of fish such as cod and wales and breem and trout. Rain is water and is kept in old tubs and barrels to wash dirty clothes.

HIS TASTE UNCERTAIN: "Pooh!" said Daisy, scornfully, "the idea of your being afraid of a poor old house-dog! Why he eats out of my hand." "I don't doubt it," replied Burroughs, dubiously, "but what I am afraid of is that he may take a notion to eat out of my leg."—*Smart Set*.

HIS POSSESSIONS.

There was a fire in a local boarding house the other day, and among the tenants who were obliged to make a hasty exit was an actor out of a job, whose wit is considerably greater than his worldly possessions. He met a friend who congratuated him on his escape from harm and asked him if he lost any property.

"Lose any property?" repeated the brand saved from the burning. "Well, I should say I did. Why, I lost fifty-three pieces of property."

"Fifty-three pieces!" said the other in amazement. "Why, that must have cleaned you out. What were they?"

"A deck of cards and a nightshirt," said the other. "Give me a light."—*Chicago Post*.

Tea sets, chests of silverware, cutlery, sterling silver tableware, at Mermod & Jaccards, Broadway, corner Locust.

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A NEW POET.

BY PERCIVAL POLLARD.

Lovers of poetry in America consider the advent of a new poet with two questions uppermost in their minds. The first is the hopeful: Is it, at last, a real poet, worthy to rank with the Victorian giants? The next is the misgiving: Is it only another of those thin tinklings on thin strings after the manner—a long way after—of Dobson, Locker and that clan? In the case of Mr. Edward Uffington Valentine, readers will certainly not find their worst fears realized, and, according as their optimism is easily or hardly satisfied, they may almost find their hopes fulfilled. I write with this much of hesitation, of indirectness, because I note that one or two authorities have already compared Mr. Valentine with Mr. William Watson, not at all to the former's disadvantage. This should be set down, therefore: it is the opinion of one who loves poetry as much as I, and, perhaps, is more competent to judge. It is an item of news, as is the fact of Mr. Valentine's book itself, "The Ship of Silence and Other Poems."

It happens that I do not care much for Mr. William Watson, so I can easily solace myself for my failure to agree with the high Harper authorities aforementioned. Considering Mr. Valentine's poetry quite on its own merits I find it admirable rather for its intentions than its achievements. It is a relief from the average of recent American verse in that its ideals are high, its models the finest. Keats, Marlowe and the giants of that type have been Mr. Valentine's conscious inspiration: unconscious echoings of the Victorian colossi recur in his lines. Classicism has engaged this poet primarily; beyond some excellent painting of our country's moods in Indian summer days there is very little typically American in his work; he is, before all else, a poet mindful of the loftiest exemplars. When you have accused him of an occasional careless phrase, a clouded metaphor, a subconscious echoing, you have about exhausted the counts against him. How many of our poets are there whom one may not accuse of direr traits? The nobility of thought, the infectious depth of sentiment that make the master, may not be in this book, yet is there quite sufficient thinking and feeling to give Mr. Valentine a place far above the magazine poetasters of our time. Yet magazine poetry is just, to my mind, what it is: it is amiable, it wears an air of intellectual repose, and its sentiment never shocks. Upon such subjects as "Silenus," "The Hamadryad," "Christopher Marlowe," "Keats and Chatterton" and "King Herod's Son" I confess I do not care much for Mr. Valentine; I prefer him in his descriptions of nature. Yet it were idle to deny a certain felicitous grace to the opening of the poem "To Christopher Marlowe:"

Sponsor of those whose choral voices sung
To teach our English lips their nobler ways,
Who o'er the loom of speech their spirits flung
And wrought designs of beauty and high praise;
Who, passionate of the past, from ravished urns
Revived the golden dust of precious dreams,
That smite our empty days with quickening beams
And melt the heart with flow of tragic tears:
On the enduring heights thy memory burns,
Above contentious claim;
One whom the muse of old Olympian flame
Hath clasped secure against the inconstant years.

In painting certain moods of our American autumn, it seems to me that Mr. Valen-

tine proves most skilful. Take "An October Day," for instance:

Through jagged rifts of woodland, sere and red,
The stubble gleams like some rich treasury floor;
There lie the pumpkins' orbs of gold outspread
And husked corn heaped up in goodly store.

Among the stacks a straying moody breeze
Makes music like reverberance of brass
Paint cymbals smote by Nature as she sees
The prophecies of springtime come to pass.

A film is hung upon the fallow hills;
An amber sun sleeps in the purple noon;
The noise of blackbirds from the distance thrills,
Rude revellers 'mid the autumn's harvest boon.

Bright sumac clumps the dusty road-side deck
Their leaves like tongues of a devouring flame;
Mixed with dry vestige of the summer's wreck,
Gray ghosts of flowers of sweet familiar name.

There droops the flexile stalk of golden-rod,
Its precious sceptre rusted and grown hoar—
As fallen from the hand of prince and
In fairy spell of hundred years or more.

A dampness blurs the stretching meadow sod,
Nipped by the frost to reddish-brown and gray—
Where, grazing 'mid the milkweed's frothy pod
And thistles, dearly the cattle stray.

Yet still against the fence's vine-wreath d bars
The purple asters glow serenely bright—
Mid-autumn's flowers, which, like evening stars,
Are harbingers of winter's hastening night.

Trifle though it may seem, the poem most typical of Mr. Valentine's attitude, compact, as I see it, of gentleness, beauty-worship and not much virility, is his poem, "The Fountain," from which I have space to quote merely these fragments:

Fountain, fountain of the square,
Leaping on the sun-lit air,
At what heights of happiness
Do thy flashing waters guess?
Standing at thy basin's brink
More I gain than kindly drink;
Fairer are the draughts I find
For the fever of the mind.

In thy art that is so eager,
In thy outflow never meagre,
In thy sparkling phantasy,
In thy pale foam's chastity,
In thy ceaseless, silver singing,
In thy bright and buoyant springing,
There is that of faith which teaches;

Would I, too, might, upward springing,
Lift my spirit so in singing,
Yea, thus mounting from the sod,
Flash my being up to God!

A writer in the New York Tribune quotes a fashionable matron saying: "American society leaders should introduce the fashion of early hours, and have their dinners at seven and dances at nine, as was the case in the 'good old days.' Then men really did their duty to their hostesses, and accepted an invitation to a dance for what it was intended, not, as now, merely as a loafing place where they can get a good supper, amuse themselves for an hour by standing around the doors, and leaving as soon as the cotillion begins and they are needed. Hostesses place prohibitive prices on their wares and then expect them to sell—that is to say, they are making their functions later and later, and expect men to be as keen about dancing as the young women, who can sleep off their fatigues the next day. These good women do not seem to realize that we have practically no leisure class, that nine-tenths of the young men whom they depend upon for their social functions work downtown all day, and that it is impossible for them to stay up all night with the best will in the world."

WOMAN AND HER LIKES.

The pretty things that most women like are difficult to name, for their name, to use a phrase as trite as the undoubted truth of the fact, is legion. One woman of my acquaintance is fond of Java sparrows. She won't have anything about the house but Java sparrows. She likes her husband mainly because the color of his eyes is like the predominating tint in the wing of Java sparrows. She likes the name "Java," and she likes the sparrow, and she simply dotes on the combination.

It is well known that some women admire kittens. They belong to the pretty class, are soft and decorative, like gum and magnesia. Corresponding to the pretty kitten is the ugly pug. It is a close race between them in the matter of affection, with, I believe, the pug slightly in the lead, for, other things being equal, the ugly is a stronger card than the pretty in a female's affection. The pug is small, awkward, pathetic and supremely ugly. In common with the kitten, the pug lacks all human feeling and does not court the love of its mistress. Consequently, that love is showered down with sweetly illogical abundance.

Of the two most important playthings of the weaker sex, the husband is, in time, though not in importance, the first. He is a most important plaything of the ugly class, perhaps the most important, although the pug is a strong competitor. The pug is nearly always as ugly in body as the husband, and as such is perhaps the first in a woman's heart. But what counts strongly in favor of her husband is that his disposition is so very much uglier than that of the pug. Here there is no comparison, whatever. A woman has continually to notice how admirable is the colossal ill-temper of her husband, how delightfully ugly and absurd his whims and fads. So the husband has a moral advantage over the pug which the latter, no matter how ugly his waddling legs, his eyes purging thick rheum, cannot eventually overcome. Like the ape, the pug is doomed to extinction as far as supremacy in female affection is concerned. He is fighting a heroic fight for survival, but in his melancholy eye the keen observer can already perceive the disquieting consciousness of a pug-damnerung. To the disinterested spectators the coming shadow lends to the pug a tender and romantic charm.

But the husband enjoys only a brief triumph. He is not the greatest thing in the world, after all, for he possesses only the qualities of the ugly class in the highest degree. The ugly class is the more successful of the two, but in a higher synthesis the pretty class of playthings cannot be neglected. Let us reflect from the *a priori* nature of the case what would probably be the ideal plaything of the woman. It would need to have a very high degree of ugliness both physical and moral, but the pretty in disposition and body would also need to be represented. The husband fits the requirements for the ugly, for there is nothing pretty about him. Now, what object is it that combines these qualities in the highest degree? It does not take a Hegel to make this philosophical and high synthesis. The average man can see that it can be nothing other than the baby. When the woman gets a baby to play with, she has found what she wants—something very ugly in body and temper, and something very pretty in temper and body—just the thing, just the thing.—Ainslee's Magazine.

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